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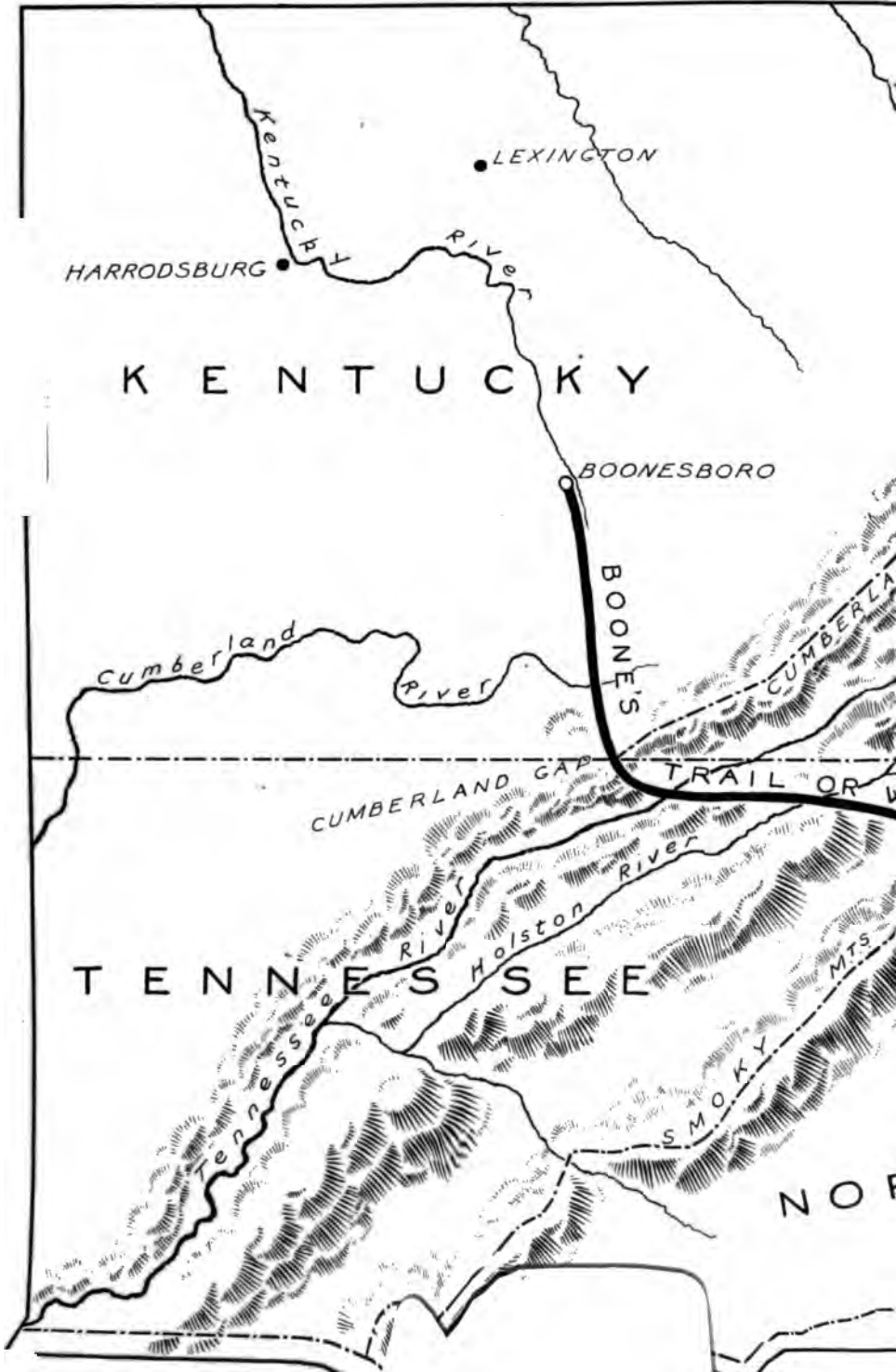


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BOONE OF  
THE WILDERNESS

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DANIEL HENDERSON



HARRODSBURG • LEXINGTON

KENTUCKY

BOONESBORO

BOONESBORO

Cumberland River

CUMBERLAND GAP TRAIL OR

TENNESSEE

SMOKY MTS

NOR

# THE TRAIL BOONE BLAZED



Gen, Colman .

1-A

**BOONE *of the* WILDERNESS**

MFC

Handwritten text

*BY THE SAME AUTHOR*

**JUNGLE ROADS**

And Other Trails of Roosevelt  
A Book for Boys.

**LIFE'S MINSTREL**

A Book of Verse

**E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY**

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## THE PIONEER

# BOONE *of the* WILDERNESS

*A Tale of Pioneer Adventure and Achievement  
in "The Dark and Bloody Ground"*

BY

DANIEL HENDERSON

AUTHOR OF

"JUNGLE ROADS: AND OTHER TRAILS OF ROOSEVELT," ETC.



NEW YORK

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY

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1905  
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DEDICATED TO  
Uncle Tom—  
HIMSELF A PIONEER

NOV 19 FEB '36



## DANIEL BOONE

*"You dare not cross the Cumberlands!" the voices said to him;*

*"You may not tread the azure grass beyond the mountain's rim!*

*No white man's foot may follow the deer and buffalo—  
The red men guard the ranges!" but Boone replied: "I go!"*

*"Ours are the teeming game-trails!" the Shawnee chieftains cried,*

*"Within this ancient wilderness our fathers roved and died!  
We know the way of white men—where their explorers pass,  
To-morrow they rise denser than the regiments of the grass!*

*"You shall not chart our forests! And where your roof is found  
Our warriors will make the place a dark and bloody ground!"  
Yet past the watchful Wyandot, the vengeful Cherokee,  
A shadow through the wilderness, Boone charted 'Caintuckee'!*

*The faint trail through the mountains became an open road,  
With Boone to cleave the forests, and ease the settler's load!  
With Boone to conquer famine, and turn the red hordes back!  
With Boone's wild buckskin rangers to shield the fort and  
shack!*

*The men who build the towns forget the men who led the way!  
The glory of the first-to-go is as a vanished day!  
But yet an urge is in our blood, a faith that conquers fear!  
The nation's Soul inherits still from Boone the pioneer!*

DANIEL HENDERSON.



## FOREWORD

---

**T**HIS book has for its hero Daniel Boone, the most adventurous—and perhaps the most constructive—character in America's early border history. The deeds recounted from his youthful adventures as a wagoner in General Braddock's ill-fated campaign until the time when he blazed the trail of American progress across the Cumberlands and won and held Kentucky for the oncoming settlers, are those that have at last gained for him a place in the Hall of Fame.

The author, hoping to picture Boone's part in the winning of the West in a more vivid and appealing way than the methods of biography permit, has introduced a thread of fiction and created episodes to fill the gaps in the formal records of Boone's life. However, the fictional part of the narrative remains in keeping with the hero's true character and career.

Anthony Arnold, Boone's antagonist in this story, is a figure of imagination. He is a type of the men who played a selfish and destructive part in the development of the West. Richard Henderson, with his splendid dream of a "Fourteenth Colony," is a true figure. He represents the men of mixed motives of patriotism and self interest who helped to conquer the wilderness. Boone stands out as an example of the men who gave all and received nothing; who by their courage, toil and sacrifice consecrated the land they entered upon.



The writer records his indebtedness to the following works:

- "Autobiography of Daniel Boone," as recorded by Filson.
- "Conquest of the Old Southwest," by Archibald Henderson.
- "Pioneers of the Old Southwest," by Constance Lindsay Skinner.
- "Daniel Boone, and the Hunters of Kentucky," by William Henry Bogart.
- "Life of Daniel Boone," by Cecil B. Hartley.
- "Daniel Boone," by Lucille Gulliver.
- "Daniel Boone," by Reuben Gold Thwaites.
- "The Winning of the West," by Theodore Roosevelt.
- "The Old Northwest," by Frederic Austin Ogg.
- "Michigan," by Thomas McIntyre Cooley.
- "On the Trail of the Pioneers," by John T. Faris.
- "Sketches of Western Adventures," by John Alexander McClung.
- "The Story of Kentucky," by R. S. Eubank.
- "The Making of the Ohio Valley States," by Samuel Adams Drake.
- "Washington and His Country," by Irving and Fiske.

The early writings of Filson, Peck, Rauch, Gallegher, Collins, Doddridge, and other pioneer chroniclers of the Southwest, have helped the author to create this picture of Kentucky's first years.

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**BOONE *of the* WILDERNESS**



# BOONE OF THE WILDERNESS

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## CHAPTER I

### THE BARRING OUT

**T**HE year is 1752. The place is Buffalo Lick, on the Yadkin River in North Carolina. The action opens on the clearing that surrounds the rough log meeting-house erected by the Bryants, Boones and other settlers whose caravans have come down to this region from Pennsylvania and Virginia. Andy Waddell, the younger brother of Hugh Waddell, a lieutenant in the North Carolina militia, has taken the lead in proposing to the scholars a new sport.

"The schoolmaster may forbid it," he warned the boys and girls, "but we'll play it anyhow!"

"I don't see that it matters to him what we play!" said little Edward Boone.

"You don't, huh?" retorted Andy. "Well, just let me tell you that he's a French sympathizer. He'll explode when he sees us playing that we're George Washington and his men driving the French back from the Ohio!"

"Pooh!" said Edward. "He'd better not try to stop us. My brother Dan says all the colonies ought to back up George Washington and General Braddock when—"

"Hold on!" cried Andy, "you're spoiling our game."



We're going to act George Washington—not talk about him!"

The game began, the girls taking equal parts with the boys. Before the new sport had been suggested their play had been to imitate their elders in shooting bears or fighting Indians. The girls then found themselves bound to trees and surrounded by dancing and whooping savages. At the climax of their tortures, however, across the school-yard the older boys would swoop in the guise of gallant borderers rushing to the rescue of fair womanhood. Thus these children of pioneers acted in their play the stories they overheard told by their elders—parts that many of them were to enact in tragic earnestness when they became men and women.

Andy Waddell assumed the rôle of Major George Washington, whose journey to warn the French to leave the region of the Ohio has been much discussed in the settlement. Andy, with a small but determined band, advanced on the rest of the boys and girls, who in turn played that they were Frenchmen entrenched along the Ohio.

Finding themselves surrounded by overwhelming numbers, Andy and his soldiers fell back to report to the Virginia Government that a larger body must be sent to oust the French.

Up sprang Joel Bryan. "I'll be General Braddock come from overseas to drive the French back to Canada!"

"Well," said Andy, "you can be General Braddock, but you've got to let me lead you!"

"I," cried Dick Morgan, "will lead the men of North Carolina to fight beside the British regulars!"

Off marched General Braddock, guided by Major Washington, followed by admiring recruits.



"Stop, I'll have no more impersonations of that Virginia dandy Washington or that boor Braddock! The French have more right to the western country than the English! Marching with Braddock, indeed! Get back to your lessons!" It was the schoolmaster who spoke. His fat face was livid.

Rebecca Bryan, the oldest girl, stepped forward. She stood with her arms folded and her fists clenched across her breast. Her black eyes burned like coals.

"It's the French who have stirred the redskins to make war on our settlements!" she asserted. "My brother says he's going with Captain Hugh Waddell to help General Braddock! Why can't we play that we are helping England when our men are really going to aid them?"

"Brother Dan says he's going too!" piped Edward Boone.

"Enough!" stormed Arnold. "Whatever your elders do, there'll be nothing said against the French in this school!"

The scholars obeyed him but when school was out, instead of following their usual romps, they gathered in a grove near the school yard and conferred with the earnestness of grown folks. As they separated Andy said:

"Remember all, how you are to act. Say nothing to your fathers and mothers. I've the key to the school, and we'll all be there tomorrow at eight o'clock—a half hour before it's time for our French-loving master to arrive. We'll bar the doors and windows and he'll not get in. We'll show him that we are through with him as a teacher!"

Early the next morning the boys and girls arrived at the school-house, carrying food they had brought in case of a siege. The boys had provided themselves with sticks

## 4 Boone of the Wilderness

and stones with which to repel the assaults they feared from their thwarted master.

While they awaited the arrival of Arnold, Andy drilled them. He was looked upon by the rest as their leader, and struggled bravely to acquit himself creditably under the responsibilities thrust upon him.

Joel Bryan had been assigned to sentry duty. He dashed across the school-yard with the cry:

"The schoolmaster's coming!"

The older boys locked the door and piled desks and benches against it. The windows were barred from the inside. Then, from every available chink and crevice, the white-faced children watched the approach of the enemy.

The schoolmaster crossed the narrow porch and tried the latch. At a loss to understand why the door did not open, he peered through the windows. The white, sober faces of his scholars confronted him. The custom of "barring-out" an unpopular schoolmaster flourished then in the Old World, and Arnold had heard of it. Yet he could not bring himself to believe that he had come face to face with such an attempt.

"Young vagabonds! Open the door before I batter it down!" he bawled.

"This school is barred to you. You are not loyal to the English colonists! We'll have none of your teachings," Andy cried stoutly.

This defiance roused the courage of the younger boys and girls who were hovering timorously about the back door. Arnold went to a nearby tree and returned with a cudgel.

"If you do not open at once, I will flog every one of you!" he cried, hammering against the windows.

Becky Bryan's flaming eyes appeared at a window. "Go away!" she commanded. "We mean to show our parents the French books we've found in your desk!"

Arnold hesitated. It was far from his desire to appear before the community as a French sympathizer. "Come," he pleaded in gentler tones, "if I was harsh yesterday, I am willing to apologize. I merely desired you to be neutral in these trying times. Open the door and I will declare the matter ended!"

"No," cried young Waddell, at Becky's shoulder. "You insulted our relatives who are going to fight in defense of the Carolinas. We are done with you!"

"But I'm not done with you, my bold rebel!" Arnold returned. Suddenly his arm shot through a crack in the window and seized Andy's coat. Upon this Becky lifted the stick she carried and beat his fleshy fingers until, screeching with rage and pain, he withdrew them.

"Young vixen," he cried, hammering the shutter with his cudgel, "you will answer for that blow!"

At this some of the younger children, clinging to Becky's skirts, began to cry. They were stilled by a familiar voice outside.

"What's wrong, schoolmaster?" they heard someone ask.

"Hooray! It's Dan!" shouted Edward.

"Yes," said Becky, "it's Dan. You may open the door now Andy! There is nothing more to fear!"

"This matter," said Arnold to the tall, black-haired young man who accosted him, "comes only under my jurisdiction. My scholars have proved rebellious. I shall punish them."

"I know why they've shut you out of your school-house!" said the newcomer, Daniel Boone, "and I've come

## 6 Boone of the Wilderness

down to see if they needed help! A man who thinks like you can't teach in this settlement—I doubt whether he can live here!"

"If it's you that's turned them against me," cried the maddened Arnold, "perhaps you'll be willing to take their punishment!"

He made a vicious stroke with his cudgel, but he struck the air. Boone, with a panther's swiftness, had leaped aside. His fist shot out and Arnold fell like a log. Daniel, with a grin, helped the schoolmaster to rise.

"Do you want to punish me more?" he asked.

Arnold, dazed by the blow, cowered before the clenched fist that waited to leap out.

"You haven't heard the end of this!" he blustered as he slunk off down the road.

Wild with excitement, the scholars scattered to their homes to pour out a tale that was to echo and re-echo through North Carolina.

Daniel and Becky were the last to start.

"It wasn't a new experience for me," Daniel told Becky as the two strolled homeward, "I was turned away from school when we lived by the Schuylkill in Pennsylvania because of a fight I had with my teacher. He was an ill-natured Irishman. One day, during recess, I chased a squirrel. He disappeared up a hollow tree covered with vines. I reached my hand in after him and found a bottle of whiskey. I saw then why the master loved to visit the woods and why he returned so out of humor. I showed some of my comrades my discovery, and the next day we substituted a bottle of whiskey that had a mild medicine in it.

"Our teacher went on his usual walk at recess, and came back looking pale. When lessons began it didn't

## The Barring Out

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matter whether we recited wrong or right—we got licked in each case.

“He accused me and gave me a thrashing. He got knocked down in the scuffle, and that ended my school-days! I guess I’ll live to be sorry I didn’t take more book-learning, but, anyway, it gave me a chance to learn woodcraft!”

It was a long speech for the young backwoodsman, but it was Becky’s interest in him that led him out of his usual silence.

## CHAPTER II

### A WAGONER FOR BRADDOCK

**H**UGH WADDELL, the stalwart, keen-eyed captain of two hundred North Carolina frontiersmen as sturdy as he, thundered with his fist on the thick oaken door of Squire Boone's cabin.

Squire Boone, a strong, sinewy, ruddy-faced man of medium stature, opened the door, and stood aside for his visitor to enter. Boone's wife rose from the fire-place and came forward with open-hearted greetings.

Daniel—a youth taller than his father, eyed Waddell and his comrades with a look of expectancy.

The youth resembled his father in his English cast of countenance and blue eyes, but his mother's Welsh descent showed in the black hair that swept his broad forehead. When closed the lips gave his face a resolute look, which was heightened by his Roman nose. When his mouth opened in a smile it gave him an expression more than usually happy and winning.

On the main highway leading up the Schuylkill Valley, stood the old Red Lion Tavern, famous since pre-Revolutionary days. Before the Declaration of Independence the name and sign of King George adorned this tavern. When the war came, the tavern-keeper tore down the sign and put up one instead, "The Red Lion." Here George Washington and his officers stopped to drink "rum shrub." A mile from this inn Daniel Boone was born.

## A Wagoner for Braddock 9

Across the hills from it was the farm of 250 acres owned by his father. This region also was the home of Abraham Lincoln, from whom descended the greater Abraham Lincoln. Later the foreparents of President Lincoln were to follow the Boones on their long trek ending in the virgin country beyond the Blue Ridge.

Squire Boone and his wife Sarah, with eleven children, had started South in 1750 and, tarrying here and there, had at last arrived at the forks of the Yadkin in 1752. Here, in the neighborhood of Salisbury, in Rowan County, they settled, receiving a grant of land from Lord Granville. They found abundantly rich soil on both sides of the river. Fish, fowl and venison abounded. Wild turkeys were in every forest; buffaloes could be killed close by; bears, panthers and wildcats inhabited the woods; deer mingled with the grazing cattle; wolves howled on the border of the settlement; beaver, otter and muskrat could be trapped with ease. No wonder young Daniel's principal occupation had become that of a hunter and trapper. But there was work of a more serious nature ahead of him now.

"Squire Boone," Waddell said, "I'm recruiting officer for Captain Dobbs. We've got a little job to do up in Virginia, and we need Daniel."

The elder Boone nodded. "Daniel's more than usual interest in his fire-arms led me to suspicion that something was in the wind."

"You know what's happened," Waddell continued.

"The British Government has sent General Braddock to help the Governor of Virginia drive the Frenchies back to Canada. We feel that the people of these parts have got just as much at stake as Virginia has, and we're going up to help Braddock. We need somebody who knows



## 10 Boone of the Wilderness

something about blacksmithing—and Daniel here fills the bill.”

Squire Boone nodded again. “I told Daniel when I put him to work in my smithy it would prove a useful trade, and now it’s paved the way for him to do his country a service. He’s old enough to speak for himself. Will you go, Daniel?”

“I’m ready to start right off,” the youth said simply, “but I’d like to say goodbye to the Bryans before we go.”

Waddell nudged the father, and other men exchanged grins.

“We kind of expected you’d want to stop there on the way,” said Waddell. “I saw black-eyed Becky Bryan on my way here and I gathered from her looks when I told her I was coming after you that she had a word to say to you before you turned soldier. You’ll have time enough to see her. We won’t start for a week yet. Meanwhile we want your help in getting the horses and wagons ready.”

Daniel’s mother, a woman who had schooled herself to hide her emotion, stood listening in the background. Her son caught her look and went toward her. His strong arm rested comfortably on her shoulder. In a few moments he slipped away. Mrs. Boone brought forth cakes and ale, and the talk ran on.

The Bryan family of which Rebecca was a member, had preceded the Boone family into North Carolina. The choicest lands in Eastern Pennsylvania had been taken up by settlers, and the Bryans and the Boones, with other Scotch, Irish, German and Quaker families, had chosen instead of trying to go west over the barrier of the Alle-

## A Wagoner for Braddock II

ghany Mountains, to follow the line of least resistance; so they had journeyed down the valleys that lay between the parallel ranges of the Appalachians. Passing through the lovely Valley of Virginia, they at last reached and settled in this northwest corner of North Carolina.

Moonlight bathed the Bryan cabin. The settlement, surrounded by forests and nestling against the river bank, was magical in its beauty. The Bryan family was outdoors when across the clearing came the persistent call of an owl.

Rebecca, playing with her younger brothers and sisters, stopped and listened. "I'm going to see what bird that is!" she called. Her supple, girlish form flitted from tree to tree, too swift to be followed. The children, the game broken by her disappearance, returned disconsolately to their parents.

"Beckie's gone to find a bird!" lisped the youngest.

"Bird nothing!" laughed the father—"that's Dan Boone's whistle! They'll be over here presently, but you children had better be off to bed before they come."

Dan awaited his sweetheart under a willow tree at the river's edge.

"You said you had work to do tonight—I wasn't expecting you!" the girl said shyly.

"Something's happened—I just had to tell you. Captain Hugh's prepared you for it!"

"You're going to war!" she answered. Both stood silent for a moment.

Governor Dobb's desire to have North Carolina represented in the expedition against the French forts had been for days an absorbing topic in Buffalo Lick. Several of Rebecca's own relatives had volunteered. Dan

## 12 Boone of the Wilderness

had told her before of his eagerness to go, yet now she stood dazed by his news.

His arms went out to her. American youths in the year 1755 went about their wooing in the same swift, impetuous way that they hunted buffalo or sprang to repel Indians, and the girls of that period, remote from the artificialities of civilization, were not backward in showing their affection. Barely sixteen was Rebecca, but the kiss of this youth was a call to the womanhood within her, and as she listened to his stumbling words of affection, she clung to him with a love that had the impulsiveness of the girl and yet the surety and steadfastness of womanhood.

As for Daniel—strong and lithe and twenty-one—the feeling that went out from him to his sweetheart was not one that was born of the tricky and evanescent moonlight, but was as strong as life itself.

“Rebecca, when I come back, will you marry me?” Daniel whispered.

She turned and fled toward the house, making him pursue her for the answer that burned on her lips.

The girl’s mother had been watching the forest from her doorstep. Her eyes were the first to see the two forms issue from the woods. She told herself that what she had bidden her heart expect had come true.

Rebecca came straight to her. “Mother,” she said chokingly, “Dan leaves soon with Captain Waddell, and we’re to be married when he comes back—he will come back, won’t he?”

“Of course he will—there’s not an Indian or a Frenchman that can outride, outrun or outshoot that boy. He’s doing his duty—and you’ll do yours by sending him off

## A Wagoner for Braddock 13

without tears. It's Dan's readiness to go that makes him worthy of a girl like you!"

Then the mother kissed Daniel. "Don't think too much of her if it gets in the way of your duty, my boy,—but, take care of yourself."

## CHAPTER III

### THE OUTLAWS OF THE YADKIN

THE vagabond is a product of every community and age. The settlement on the Yadkin had its portion of idle and vicious men who lived by preying upon the industrious settlers. Their ring-leader was a man who went by the name of Jules. No one knew his last name or cared to inquire what it was. "A French renegade from Canada!" Hugh Waddell had called him, and it was whispered that Jules had been a *coureur des bois* at Detroit; that he had been driven from that place because of a murder of a peaceful *habitant*, and had drifted—or been driven—from settlement to settlement until he had at last become a hanger-on at Buffalo Lick.

He, with a dozen lazy and dissolute companions, lived in a retreat in the mountains west of the Yadkin. They pretended to be engaged in hunting and trapping, but many of the settlers who found themselves robbed during the night of their cattle or other property muttered their belief that Jules and his gang were the thieves.

The robberies had become more frequent. The suspected band was becoming larger through the additions of outcasts from other territories. Squire Boone, Hugh Waddell, and the rest of the sober, hard-working men of the community had resolved to take the law into their own hands and rid the Yadkin of the rascals. They were waiting, however, until they caught the men red-handed

## The Outlaws of the Yadkin 15

in a deed that would warrant their dealing with the utmost severity. The gang occupied a cabin close to the settlements, but settlers who had visited it had discovered no signs of the stolen cattle and goods. It was suspected that the gang had a cave in the nearby hills where the plunder was kept.

A few days later than the one on which the boys and girls of Buffalo Lick had barred out their schoolmaster, Daniel was returning from a hunt on which he had been sent to provide a supply of food for the North Carolina militia. With the spirit of the explorer, he was picking out a new trail through the hills. Passing between two boulders, he came upon a ledge of rock that overhung a glen formed by a rift in the mountains. It seemed to the young hunter that he was looking down into a green bowl, the sides of which were formed by the hills. His keen young eyes detected a blue thread of smoke curling up from a clump of trees, and as he watched it he saw horsemen in single file enter the twisting, rocky pass that led into this natural fortress.

Daniel, his usually calm nature stirred to excitement, bent over the shelf of rocks, screening himself by a bush.

"I'll wager every pelt I've got that I've found Jules's hiding-place!" he muttered.

It was near nightfall. He decided to steal down into the valley under shelter of night and make sure that the figures he saw were those of the men who had terrorized Buffalo Lick.

The moon cast a faint glow on the hillside, enough for him to discover the crevices and holes he must need avoid, and the rocks or earth projections which offered safe lodging to his feet. Light as were his movements, he could not prevent loose stones from rolling down the

## 16 Boone of the Wilderness

cliff. Once a rock on which his foot rested gave way and left him hanging to the scrub he had clutched to steady himself. He dug his feet into the earth, however, and, imitating the cry of a mountain lion to deceive anyone who chanced to have overheard the falling stones, resumed his descent. The floor of the valley reached, he lay in the abundant grass a half-hour to reassure himself that those he stalked were not aware of his approach. Then, creeping through the grass and bushes, and carefully avoiding the horses, he gradually reached the shelter of a clump of tall weeds from where he could both see and hear the men who sat around the fire.

He could scarcely believe his eyes when he saw, across the flames from Jules, the stout form and heavy jowls of Anthony Arnold.

Arnold, Daniel decided, had just finished speaking, for the men in the shadows were looking at Jules as if expecting an utterance from him.

"We're peaceable hunters and trappers!" Jules burst out. "You're doin' a dangerous thing comin' out here an' tryin' to get us to war against the English."

"I know your past, my friend Jules," Arnold returned calmly, "and I know of the careers of several of your companions. You have taken French money before this and the work I ask you now to enter upon will be quite as safe as that in which you have been engaged. Your reward will be worth while. Instead of living this sort of life, hated and threatened by yonder settlers, you will have houses and land you can call your own—and plenty of the king's gold besides. And mark this—your game is up here. I have lived there long enough to know the temper of the men. The loss of their horses and cattle have provoked them to the

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fighting point. Some day they will find this place and make short work of you."

Daniel could see that Jules was plainly set back by these statements. Though he blustered threats against the men of the Yadkin, he wound up by asking his men what their verdict was.

"You say," queried a trapper Daniel knew by the name of Hugh, "that you can lead us safely to the French troops?"

"Easily enough!" said Arnold. "We'll pretend we are rangers marching to join the British. If we steer a course away from the troops of Dobbs and Waddell, the story will pass everywhere. Once we get over the mountains we can drop precautions! And who knows what good things we'll gather on the way!"

"What do you say, men?" Jules asked.

"We're for it!" Hugh announced, while the other men mumbled assent.

Daniel remained to hear a date set for the march. Arnold, he found, had exact knowledge as to when the North Carolina militia was to leave the Yadkin for their northward trip.

He stole away as noiselessly as he came and by the time morning broke had proceeded far enough on his homeward journey to be beyond discovery by any rovers from Jules's gang.

Hugh Waddell, to whom he went with his news, pounded his thigh when the young hunter told him of what he had seen and heard.

"Daniel," he said, "you've taken a load off my shoulders. The one thing that worried us when we decided to fight with Braddock was Jules and his men. We seemed to be leaving the way open for those rascals to



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attack the settlement in our absence. Now we know what to expect. We'll prepare to meet it. Jules and his gang won't bother either the English or us very long!"

The two hundred North Carolinians started off in the late afternoon of the appointed day. The drums beat, the fifes blew, the people cheered, and the girls flung kisses and smiled through tears.

As Becky threw her arms around Daniel, he whispered, "Remember it's not the last kiss, dear. We're going to make a circuit and clean out Arnold and Jules and the rest of those ruffians before we go."

Rebecca nodded. The town people had been well drilled in the part they were to play in the performance, and clustered together in huts as soon as the militia left. The older men and the youths and boys looked to their rifles.

The frontiersmen marched several miles through the wilderness, until the last hanger-on had turned back. Then Daniel, who had been missing from the ranks, came noiselessly through the forest and reported that they had been followed part of the way by a man he recognized as a member of Jules's gang. "I got around him," said the eager scout, "and hid in the brush when he went back. He's gone to let Jules and Arnold know we're gone. From what I overheard, I wouldn't be surprised if they didn't try to loot some of the cabins on the outskirts before they quit this region!"

Captain Dobbs, sending Daniel in advance of his column to guard against discovery, ordered his men to turn back to the edge of the settlement. It was now dusk. The people, taught what to expect, opened their

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doors without a demonstration. Every cabin that was likely to be attacked quartered a score of defenders.

Daniel's surmise was true. Suddenly a party of mounted desperadoes emerged from the forest beside the settlement. What happened at the Bryan cabin was typical of what occurred in the other homes.

There were thundering knocks at the door. With menacing faces and knives and rifles ready for action, they crossed the threshold.

"Bryan," said Jules with a leer, "we're off to the war, but we've got a score to settle first. We understand you're one of the men who've sworn to wipe out our little company of honest trappers and hunters. Be careful of your actions now or we'll wipe you out. You've got some things we want. We're going to take 'em—by right or might."

"Throw up your hands! In the name of the commonwealth of North Carolina, I arrest you!" came a thunderous voice from the back of the room.

Bryan leaped to one side and Jules and his companions, before they could level their rifles, found themselves looking into the muzzles of a dozen guns. Behind the rifles were the set lips and blazing, determined eyes that stood as symbols of backwoods law.

Jules, with an oath, leaped backward in a desperate endeavor to reach the open. A single shot was fired, and he sprawled lifeless in the doorway. The others gave up their arms. Those of the frontiersmen that were not required to guard them ran to give aid to the militia quartered in other huts.

In the rose glow of the next morning's daybreak, the dead forms of fifteen of these outlaws swung from

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branches in the depths of the wilderness. A company of the older settlers, led by a youthful member of Jules's gang whose life had been spared, brought back from the mountain den horses, cattle, and rude treasures that had been given up for lost by thrifty settlers, while Dobb's men, with a conviction of work well done, marched steadily towards the north.

Daniel chanced to meet Hugh Waddell's gaze. "What about Arnold, Dan?" he queried.

"He stayed outside the Bryan cabin," Boone stammered. "I went searching for him after Jules was shot, and the moonlight showed him on horseback, disappearing into the forest."

"Maybe he'll be waiting for us at Fort Duquesne," laughed Waddell.

"It strikes me that he's the sort that lets the other fellow do the fighting!" Daniel returned.

## CHAPTER IV

### HUGH WADDELL: CAPTAIN OF MORALE

THE journey of the two hundred North Carolina frontiersmen northward, under Captain Edward B. Dobbs, assisted by his junior captain, Hugh Waddell, was slow enough to allow them plenty of time for conversation. Dobbs was a man of a few words, but Waddell had an active tongue, and it ran on unceasingly. He had a broader knowledge of the politics and diplomacy which had brought about the present conflict between the English colonists and the French than had most of the men, and he took it upon himself to draw a picture for his troops that left no doubt in the minds of any that the French were in the wrong.

"This fight has got to settle," said Waddell bluntly, "whether France or England is to rule this continent. Justice is on the side of England—I've been studying this matter and I find it goes all the way back to 1685. The Iroquois Indians had fought and beaten all other tribes between the Great Lakes and Tennessee. There were only a few hundred Frenchies in America at that time, but they'd discovered the St. Lawrence. Their priests and traders had followed the lakes and rivers that connect with the St. Lawrence way back till they found a connection with the Mississippi. What happened next? Trade followed the missionaries, and before the tens of thousands of Englishmen who had set-

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tled along the coast knew what was what, French trading posts ran all the way from the northern lakes down to the Gulf of Mexico!"

"Looks like they had a right to the land!" blurted out Joel Masterson. "And don't overlook that there's a lot of French blood among us colonists. The Puritan girl Priscilla who came on the Mayflower and married John Alden was of French blood. John Alden himself had a strain of French in him. French exiles helped to found New Rochelle and they're settling peacefully along the James River in South Carolina."

"Quite right, my learned comrade," said Waddell, "but remember, while France claimed all this territory, here were all the English colonies from Massachusetts down to South Carolina claiming it under their charters. They say Virginia herself had a charter that covered almost all of it. In 1713, mark you, the French, by the Treaty of Utrecht, admitted that all the land of the Iroquois was English territory. They came back later and reclaimed the land. Then the English went to the Iroquois chieftains themselves and persuaded them to give them the lands to the north of the Ohio, while in 1744 Virginia persuaded the Ohio Indians to turn over to her the lands south of the Ohio as far as Tennessee. The upshot of it was that France made up her mind that her people in Quebec and Montreal should have the fur trade of the continent in spite of treaties; so they've seized the forks of the Ohio, built Fort Duquesne there, claimed the Ohio valley, and dared us to drive them out.

"On our side, we're beginning to feel crowded along the coast and our friends and relatives are beginning to find their way over the Alleghanies. We've decided that

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our destiny is westward, and that the treaties our forefathers made with the Indians have got to be claimed by us. So we take the Frenchmen's dare!

"Meanwhile, Dinwiddie, Virginia's hard-headed Scotch Governor, had appealed to King George for help—the colonies being too busy with their own affairs to join hands against the French—and King George had granted the Ohio Company—mostly made up of Virginians—a half million acres of land on condition that they drive the French off the territory Virginia claims.

"'Twas easier said than done. Dinwiddie sent young Major George Washington with a half-dozen men to ask the French commander to leave. Washington set forth from Williamsburg, with Jacob Van Braam, a Dutch soldier of fortune. Christopher Gist, a bold hunter and trader; John Davidson, an Indian interpreter, and several other frontiersmen went along.

"They arrived at Vanango on the 4th of December. Captain Chabert de Joncaire, the commandant, received them hospitably. They dined and wined, and while the French officers were in the cups, they boasted to Washington of their plans to occupy and hold the Ohio Valley.

"Twenty miles farther up the river lay Fort le Boeuf, the principal fort of the French. Here Washington's party went. More dining and wining. At last Washington delivered Governor Dinwiddie's letter of protest and received one in writing that as much as said, 'I am here and here to stay.'

"The journey home was begun. Storms of snow and sleet swept through the forest. The pack horses and saddle horses proved to be burdens that had to be

abandoned; the Indian guide suddenly turned and fired his rifle at Washington. 'Twas a good thing for the colonies the bullet went wild. Gist was about to slay the savage, but Washington ordered that his life be spared. They reached the banks of the Ohio and their raft capsized in its icy waters. They lay on an island in their frozen clothes all night. The next day the river froze and they proceeded, starved and frozen, on their journey. They at last reached the hut of Frazier, the trapper, and on the 16th of January Washington arrived at the Governor's house."

Waddell, finding no lagging of interest on the part of his men, went on to tell how Dinwiddie sent Washington back into the wilderness with a few hundred men to build a fort on the forks of the Ohio, and how, attacked by a far superior force of Frenchmen and Indians, the youthful commander hurriedly erected "Fort Necessity" at Great Meadows, just across the mountains, from which he was forced to retreat under cover of nightfall.

"There," Waddell dramatically concluded, "the first gun was fired in this war, and it will be our own rifles that I expect will fire the last!"

The North Carolinians cheered this conclusion. The story was not new to them, but they relished the way Waddell told it. They were for the most part young and easily impressed, and their captain's oratory confirmed them in their belief in the righteousness of their cause. They believed the French had goaded the Indians to attack English settlements. The places attacked had been inhabited by women and children like to those they themselves were leaving along the Yadkin. For these reasons the backwoodsmen were bitter

## Hugh Waddell: Captain of Morale 25

against the French and determined to drive them from the regions in which, by inciting the Indians against the English, they could do so much harm to peaceful settlers.

The eloquent Waddell had not told the whole story. and in justice to all parties in the conflict it should be stated that the motive that spurred a large portion of the pioneers beyond the Alleghanies was not an unselfish dream of founding a vast, English-speaking empire. It can rather be expressed in more practical terms of land and furs.

It was the beaver trade that made the French holdings valuable to France. Had not Louis XIV said this of La Salle's explorations:

"I am persuaded that the discovery of the *Sieur de La Salle* is very useless; and it is necessary, hereafter, to prevent similar enterprises, which can have no other result than to debauch the people by the hope of gain, and to diminish the revenue from the beaver."

The same love of gain led the English traders and land speculators through the Cumberland Gap and westward until their interests came in conflict with those of the French, who, by controlling the Great Lakes, controlled also the inland routes that led to the Mississippi River.

John Findlay and companion traders had found the Delawares, Shawnees and other tribes of Indians friendly. It was not the wandering trader, but instead the permanent settler, whose coming they resented.

What aroused the resentment of both the French and Indians were enterprises such as that of the Ohio Company composed of prominent Virginians—among them two brothers of George Washington—who secured



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a grant of a half-million acres of land on the Ohio between the Monongahela and Great Kanawha Rivers, which they proposed to open to white settlers. At Will's Creek, a branch of the Potomac, separated from the waters of the Ohio by a mountain ridge, the company began to erect a trading-house. From this place a wagon-road was projected that was to lead across the intervening mountain and connect with the Ohio. The Company was empowered to take possession of territory either north or south of the Ohio.

The French claimed this territory by right of the discovery of the Ohio by La Salle. The Virginians claimed it because by the charter of Virginia, their commonwealth's boundaries ran to the Pacific.

The French saw that if the scheme of the Ohio Company succeeded it would mean the beginning of the end for them and they moved at once to defeat it. Hence the movement of Marquis Duquesne, Governor of Canada to unite Lake Erie with the Ohio by a chain of military posts, which would stem the threatened English invasion.

One of these garrisons was Fort Duquesne, at the junction of the Ohio and Alleghany rivers, which became Fort Pitt and later Pittsburgh. To prevent this descent of the Ohio by the French, Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia planned to erect a fort where the Alleghany River joined the Monongahela.

Thus through the activities of the Ohio Company began that train of events that was to end in the cruelties of the French-Indian War. It offers an example of how motives by no means of the highest order have often brought nations into conflict and led to the pouring out of the blood of patriots.

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Yet the glory won by Washington on the path the Ohio Company opened to him remains undiminished by the fact that back of the orders that sent him on his mission against the French were men who were thinking of their own fortunes more than of the lives of their countrymen.

## CHAPTER V

### WASHINGTON AND FRANKLIN

**G**EORGE WASHINGTON stood in the window of his Mount Vernon home and watched the ships bearing Major-General Braddock and his troops sail up the Potomac to Alexandria.

"Will he succeed where I failed," the proud Virginian asked himself, "and is it my duty to offer him my services?"

Washington had barely reached his manhood. He was proud and sensitive. His defeat at Great Meadows, though it was through no fault of his own, stung him. He could bear it to have the statesmen of France denounce him as an assassin because his men had fired upon and killed young M. Jumonville in a skirmish in the Ohio region, but it rankled him that Governor Dinwiddie, in recent preparation for a continuance of the conflict Washington had begun, had decided that no one in the ten independent companies of militia he was forming, should have a higher rank than captain. Washington reasoned that, having by devotion to duty obtained the rank of colonel, it was a hurt to his personal dignity to drop to the rank of captain, and had resigned. Yet now that he was a private citizen, he chafed to see preparations for battle going on around him in which he had no part, and as he watched General Braddock's approach he found himself in the mood to serve in any capacity.

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This feeling was strengthened by his knowledge of the fact that, for all the reputed valor and efficiency of General Braddock, he was inexperienced when it came to Indian warfare, and needed the advice and aid of men who, like Washington himself, had blazed a war trail into the wilderness and knew the tricks of ambush and attack peculiar to frontier warfare.

George Mason, Washington's friend and neighbor, approached and looked over his shoulder at the British fleet.

"Perhaps it is just as well," he said, reading the thought of Washington, "that you have retired from the field of war. I hear conflicting reports of the character of General Braddock. Some speak of him as a brave man, a veteran soldier, a man who acts without hesitation and sticks at a task until it is done—a commander who will prove that the English ministers who sent him here made a wise choice. Others tell me that he is brutal and self-confident and harder of head than old Dinwiddie himself! A very Iroquois in disposition!"

"If the latter be the case," said Washington with a flash in his gray eyes, "he needs our help more than ever! I shall offer him my services!"

News, however, that Washington was available and eager for the campaign reached General Braddock before the Virginian could call on him, and Washington found himself the recipient, one morning, of a cordial note from the General's aide-de-camp, Captain Orme, inviting him to become a member of Braddock's staff.

And so we find Washington, with the pride of a young man who has achieved things and means to achieve more, setting forth to mingle with gay officers who wore His Majesty's uniform. These gentlemen

were more used than he to the social ways of great cities, and more versed in the matters of army etiquette, and yet he knew that they were mere children in forest warfare as compared with him.

Alexandria was a busy place with its army of a thousand British regulars and six companies of Colonial rangers, but it became more crowded and bustling when there came to consult with General Braddock five Governors:—William Shirley of Massachusetts; James De Lancey of New York; Horatio Sharpe of Maryland; Robert Hunt Morris of Pennsylvania, and Robert Dinwiddie of Virginia. George Washington was in that conference, looking very youthful among these sage counsellors, and his heart thrilled as he saw plans made to have the militia of Massachusetts attack the French forces at Niagara; while the other colonies were to send men to strike the enemy at Crown Point and other stations. Braddock, meanwhile, was to move against Fort Duquesne.

Captain Hugh Waddell and Wagoner Daniel Boone stood in the crowd that watched the celebrities who came to General Braddock's headquarters.

Waddell nudged Boone. "That tall young officer is Washington! The man he's talking to is Postmaster-General Benjamin Franklin! If General Braddock doesn't conquer with two such advisers—it'll be because he turns his back on them!"

The pair of distinguished men were approaching the backwoodsmen. Waddell, who considered himself the peer of any man, greeted Washington. The latter, in turn, made Waddell acquainted with Franklin, and then Waddell reached out his arm and pulled Boone into the circle.

"Here, gentlemen, is a likely lad from the Yadkin, who has enlisted to drive a wagon into Fort Duquesne, but mark my words, he'll handle his rifle more than his whip before he returns!"

Boone's clothes were a strange contrast to the handsome dress of Washington. The former wore garments that were in every sense of the word "home made." The hunters who had invented it were not thinking of the picturesque. They wanted clothes that would stand the hardest usage and the roughest weather. To secure it they went to Mother Nature.

Boone's cap was made of the skin of a raccoon. The animal's bushy tail hung down from it over the young hunter's black locks. His shirt was made of fringed deerskin; instead of being tucked into his trousers, it hung down, open in front, and was gathered at the waist by a leather belt. He wore fringed deerskin leggings; while his feet were clad in leather moccasins.

Across his shoulder hung a powder-horn. It lay within easy reach of his arm, so that Boone could grasp it quickly, remove with his teeth its wooden stopper, and load his flint-lock rifle. From his right side hung a tomahawk which he used either for cutting his path or for fighting. At his left side he carried a deep, sharp hunting knife—the weapon that was to win for him from the Indians of Kentucky the title "Long Knife."

Boone gazed at Washington as reverently as if he were a young god, and Washington eyed appreciatively the straight, supple figure and the honest look of the young backwoodsman.

Shifting quickly his gaze to Franklin, lest he be thought lacking in respect, Boone encountered a pair of shrewd kindly eyes beaming through spectacles and

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if he were not so awed by the fame of the man he would have been amused at the martin fur cap that covered his long gray locks like a hood.

Franklin wore what seemed to the young hunter the Quaker dress his own father Squire Boone had worn when he lived in Pennsylvania, before his wilfulness led him to leave the Quaker sect, and Daniel observed that Franklin was very neat in his dress, wore spotless linen and carried a stout walking-stick. His face impressed the shy, yet keenly-observant youth with its shrewdness and benevolence. The fact that he had, a year or two before, received the Copely medal for his scientific discoveries, and, within recent months had proposed the Albany Congress on Indian affairs—the first practicable scheme for a federal union of the colonies—was known to young Boone, and that such a man would even look at him gave him a thrill.

Franklin, however, did more than look.

"A wagoner, eh!" he said, peering at Boone approvingly over his glasses, "I wish I were sure of getting a hundred like him! I have received from General Braddock authority to obtain drivers and wagons for the transportation of his army's supplies, but there is a tardiness upon the part of our farmers in supplying them that is maddening to the General and discreditable to the colonists. I have had to threaten," he added, drawing from his pocket a bulky manuscript. He read his appeal for horses and wagons with much emphasis. Then he paused and surveyed the three over his spectacles. "The meat," he said dryly, "is in this last paragraph!"

"If this method of obtaining the wagons and horses is not likely to succeed, I am obliged to send word to



**STATUE OF DANIEL BOONE BY ENID YANDELL, IN  
CHEROKEE PARK, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY**





the General in fourteen days and I suppose St. John St. Clair, the hussar, with a body of soldiers, will immediately enter the province for the purpose, which I shall be sorry to hear because I am very sincerely and truly your friend and well-wisher.

B. FRANKLIN.'"

Captain Waddell drank in Franklin's words thirstily. It was a great moment in his life to have become a confidante of the philosopher, and in his mind's eye he saw himself telling to various eager groups how Post-master-General Franklin, acting as the army's quartermaster, with his own lips read to him his official utterance.

"It is a well-wooded appeal!" he cried. Washington nodded gravely. "What think you, gentlemen," Waddell went on, determined to make the most of his opportunity, "of General Braddock's chances for success?"

"It is a question of which I shall admit no doubt," George Washington said.

Franklin drew Waddell aside. "I will say to you what I dare not say to Washington, and what I would not want your young comrade to hear. General Braddock has too much self-confidence, too high an opinion of the validity of regular troops, and too mean a one of both Americans and Indians. As an example of his over-confidence:—'After taking Fort Duquesne,' Braddock said to me, 'I am to proceed to Niagara, and, having taken that, to Frontenac, if the season will allow time; and I suppose it will for Duquesne can hardly detain me above three or four days, and then I see nothing that can obstruct my march to Niagara.'"

Franklin frowned ominously. "Now, Captain Waddell," he continued, "Braddock's army must march along

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a very narrow road which must be cut for them through the woods and bushes. I have read of a former defeat of fifteen hundred French who invaded the Iroquois country—and from their experience I have my doubts as to whether the military methods followed on the open fields of Europe will prevail in our forests. Some of my friends are already talking of raising a fund to buy fireworks to celebrate the taking of the fort.

“‘Come,’ I said, ‘it will be time enough to prepare for the rejoicing when we know we shall have occasion to rejoice!’

“‘What!’ says one of them, ‘you surely don’t suppose that the fort will not be taken?’

“‘I don’t know that it will not be taken,’ I replied, ‘but I know that the events of war are subject to great uncertainty.’

“As for my reply to General Braddock, all I deemed it wise to say to him was:

“‘To be sure, Sir, if you arrive well before Duquesne with these fine troops, so well provided with artillery, that place, not yet completely fortified, and as we hear with no very strong garrison, can probably make but short resistance. The only danger I apprehend of obstruction to your march is from ambuscades of Indians, who by constant practice, are dexterous in laying and executing them; and the slender line, near four miles long, which your army must make, may expose it to be attacked by surprise in its flanks and be cut like a thread into several pieces which, from their distance, cannot come up in time to support each other!’”

“‘You did well to warn him, Sir!’” said Waddell, “‘I

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have entertained the same fear myself. What, pray, was his answer?"

"Why, good friend," Franklin chuckled, "he smiled at my ignorance, and replied:

"These savages may, indeed, be a formidable enemy to your raw American militia, but upon the King's regular and disciplined troops, Sir, it is impossible they should make any impression!"

## CHAPTER VI

### FIGHTING WITH BRADDOCK

**B**EHOLD General Braddock, in a fine coach, arriving at Greenway Court, to visit Lord Fairfax, the lonely nobleman who had fled from the most refined society of London to Virginia, and who had taken up his residence in the Shenandoah Valley.

Lord Fairfax is tall, thin and every inch the aristocrat. He retains the manners of gay London—where he had dabbled in literature, contributed to the *Spectator*, and paid his addresses to the loveliest of England's belles. He now welcomes the bluff soldier for the news he brings him of his former world.

Lord Fairfax drinks and jests with his visitor, and soothes his indignation at the military delays that arise from the free and easy mode of living of the colonists. He commends to his choleric guest his own youthful protégé, George Washington, and tells how he selected Washington when the latter was a lad of sixteen to survey lands beyond the Blue Ridge. "I love him as I would love a son," declares the old lord. "Take my word for it, Braddock—you can trust him to the fullest!"

The General departs, merry with drink, to join the forces he had commanded to assemble at Will's Creek, on the upper Potomac. His jovial mood changes as his coach bounces over the rough mountain roads that lead

him through Winchester to his destination. In a mood to condemn everyone and everything, he takes charge of his troops.

The separate movements of General Braddock and the colonial regiments operating in the North, designed to cut and abolish the chain of French posts which stretched threateningly from the St. Lawrence to the Ohio, would have been more likely to obtain success if they had converged on Fort Duquesne instead of following different objectives. The first blunder was made when Braddock started at Will's Creek instead of from Philadelphia. The road from Will's Creek was hardly more than a trail, and forage and transportation were lacking. On the other hand, there were definite roads leading west from Philadelphia and the country abounded in supplies and wagons. It was due to the wildness of the Virginia route that the guns intended for Braddock's use were delayed. These and other worries in securing supplies had caused the General to accuse the Colonials of bad faith.

General Braddock's column, making a magnificent show with its flaming banners, scarlet-coated troopers, glinting arms, and Indian scouts in paint and feathers, set out from Fort Cumberland in the early part of June.

Two British regiments numbering in all one thousand men; another thousand composed of colonials from New York, Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina; followed by sailors who had volunteered to rig tackle for the guns, made up the army. Following them came a train of wagons, three miles long, carrying not only needed supplies, but also the baggage of the officers. Ahead went the pioneers, broadening the road with their axes so that the wagons might pass.

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Boone's tomahawk was much in use. There were thickets to be cut through, and swamps that had to be covered with logs. There were banks to be cut, hollows to be filled, and bridges to be built for scores of rivers and streams. Toiling beside him were several colonists who were as obscure as himself beside the brilliantly-garbed English officers, but who were, a few years later, to make their marks in conflict with these very troops. Among such men were Thomas Gage, Horatio Gates and Daniel Morgan.

It was in these first slow uneventful days of the march that Boone began to make acquaintances among the hunters and fur-traders who accompanied the army. One of the latter interested him because of his intimate knowledge of the country beyond. He was a Scotch-Irishman named John Findlay, somewhat older than Boone; a canny, cheerful fellow who some years before had ventured into the Ohio Valley to trade with the Indians, and had even gone farther west into a place called Kentucky.

"You folks down on the Yadkin," said Findlay, "think you have good hunting and fine pasture land. Pooh, my boy! Kentucky is an Eden compared with anything you have seen! The grass there is so rich that it seems blue when the sun shines on it. The game is so plentiful that the Chickasaws, Cherokees, Shawnees and a dozen other redskin tribes fight continually with each other for control of the territory. Man alive, there are salt places in the soil where buffaloes, elk, deer, and bears come by thousands to lick the salt. I couldn't begin to count the turkeys, quail, and grouse and woodcock I saw. The rivers teem with buffalo-fish, trout, perch, mullet and cat-fish, and as for beavers, otters,

mink, rabbits, squirrels, and wild life in general, you wouldn't believe its abundance till you've seen it. Tell you what—a likely lad like you, not afraid of Indians and skilled in woodcraft, shooting and trapping, could make a fortune out there! With my knack of trading linked with your skill in getting fur, you and I could hit it off well!"

Christopher Gist, a Yadkin pioneer who had crossed the Alleghanies to survey lands for the Ohio Company, seconded what Findlay told Boone:

"When I met Indians north of the Ohio," he said, "they told me of a vast hunting ground down the river. They warned me that savage tribes possessed it and that I would be killed if I went that way. That didn't scare me. I turned south until I heard gunshots ahead of me. Then I climbed a mountain. The southwest spread before me. True enough—its grass was so rich a green that when the sun shone on its blades it seemed blue. The region was well wooded and watered. I never saw so much game—yet I was afraid to fire my gun. It looked peaceful—and yet I knew that danger lurked behind every tree."

Boone listened with quickened pulses. Already strong within him was the impulse to explore beyond the mountain wall to the west of them, and the scenes described by Findlay were all the inducements he required to lead him to make the adventure. Then the thought of Becky, planning a home among her folks by the Yadkin, came to him, and he hesitated.

"Perhaps," he said to Findlay, "things will turn out so that some day you and I can go; but it doesn't look possible just now!"

The army arrived at Little Meadows, ten days after



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leaving Fort Cumberland. Here they waited a week for provisions and forage that had been delayed.

"They were halting," Washington wrote later to a friend, "to level every mole-hill and erect bridges over every brook, by which means we were four days in getting twelve miles."

"I could start today on a visit to Becky," Boone said to a comrade, "and get back before they reached Duquesne."

"At this rate of progress," Washington said to the General, whose patience was now as sorely tried as that of his aide, "the Indian runners who are spying on us will be allowed ample time to warn the French, and the fort will be reinforced before we are in striking distance. I beg you to mobilize the army; leave the baggage behind, and advance with the troops, carrying the ammunition on pack-horses."

Braddock, now seeing the folly of neglecting the Virginian's advice, agreed. Colonial Thomas Dunbar, to his own great wrath, was put in charge of the rear guard with the artillery train and baggage, while the rest pushed on.

Captain Jack, a ranger whose exploits and woodcraft had won him the title "Black Rifle," at this period offered his services.

Braddock's faith in his regulars remained unchanged: "I have experienced troops," he said, "upon whom I can completely rely for all purposes."

"In that case," the scout said to his rangers, "we will go where our services are needed!"

Off they rode—men who in themselves might have won a victory for Braddock, and the troops marched on.

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Boone and the other colonists, in their cool and light frontier dress, pitied the British regulars, who were forced to stumble along with leather leggings, tight woolen coats, heavy knapsacks and tall mitred hats. Braddock was sixty years old, yet he shared the hardships of his men and when the horses began to fail gave his own steeds to the work of the army. At the Monongahela River, Washington, who had been ill with a fever and had been compelled by Braddock to remain with Dunbar's forces, joined the advance column. The "Dr. James powders" which Braddock had advised him to take proved a good remedy.

Braddock crossed the Monongahela in brave fashion. The band played; the red coats flashed; the bayonets glistened—it seemed like a triumphal procession. No one dreamed that overwhelming defeat lurked on the other bank. The fort was now fifteen miles away. The troops advanced along a narrow path between the river on one side and a precipice on the other. All around them lay the dark forest. Their general's foolhardiness reached its height as he ordered the drummers to beat and the fifers to blow. Washington and his men brought up the rear.

With scouts in advance and on either flank the army advanced. Suddenly a strange figure appeared in the trail.

"I can't decide what he is!" said Waddell to his men, "he's dressed like an Indian but he's wearing an officer's silver gorget. Get ready to shoot, though. This is not the place to be taking chances!"

The figure waved his hat. A war-whoop echoed through the wilderness and a volley from unseen rifles

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was poured upon the front ranks. The colonists scattered and, darting behind trees, returned the fire.

"Your men must follow the example of our Virginians!" Washington cried to Braddock. "It is their only salvation!"

"High times! High times, indeed, when a young buckskin can teach a British general how to fight!" muttered Braddock. "My men will fight in the regular way!" he replied, and Washington, in despair, plunged into the conflict. Four bullets went through his coat and two horses were shot under him.

The main body of Braddock's force advanced with typical British courage and tenacity, glad to be in action under the heaviest handicaps. They met the terrifying war-whoops of the Frenchmen's Indian allies with vigorous cheers and shouts of "God Save the King!" Two field pieces came into action against the regular French troops and Beaujeu, the French leader, was killed. It was discovered later that the French commandant at Fort Duquesne, De Contrecoeur, had decided to abandon it, but that De Beaujeu, a young captain, had volunteered to meet the English, with the result we have seen.

By platoons the French regulars returned the British fire. The Indians, "yelling like demons but always invisible," attacked both sides of the British formation, pouring a deadly fire among the helpless soldiers, whose scarlet coats presented a brilliant target. Braddock hurried the main body of troops up to their assistance.

The General, fighting by the drill-book, rode up and down the line, ordering his men to hold their ranks and

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return the fire with steady volleys. Five horses were killed or disabled under Braddock, but still he rallied his troops.

Three hours passed. Sixty of Braddock's sixty-eight officers had been slaughtered. Only five hundred out of his eleven hundred men had survived. Realizing at last that victory was hopeless, he ordered a retreat. At this moment he himself was mortally wounded by a shot through the lungs. Still he endeavored to command the retreat.

Daniel, when he saw the British regulars in retreat, cut his horse loose from the wagon, mounted it and retreated with the other wagoners through the bush. As he emerged on the trail he saw Captain Stewart of the Virginia Light Horse holding the head of a stricken British officer. Over him bent Captain Orme, an English officer, and Colonel Washington.

The little group of English and Provincial officers, Boone helping, closed in protectingly about the wounded General. Fortunately, the Indians, attracted by the muskets and scarlet coats that striped the ground, had failed to press their victory. A broad silk sash was attached to the saddles of two horses moving abreast. In its folds the dying General was placed, and thus, as swiftly as possible, Braddock was borne from the scene of his crushing defeat.

Guns, baggage, a military chest containing twenty-five thousand pounds of specie, Braddock's papers—all were left behind in the headlong flight.

At the first river the pursuit stopped and the Indians turned to torture and slaughter the prisoners and wounded. In vain the French sought to make the

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redskins treat the captives humanely. The women camp-followers were either killed or enslaved. Blood-dripping scalps hung from the girdle of every Indian. Twelve British soldiers, who, ignorant of Indian customs, had surrendered themselves as prisoners of war, were burned at the stake before the walls of Fort Duquesne.

Braddock's escorts, hoping that the General would see here the end of the rout, were chagrined to find that the panic had seized Dunbar and his troops, and that they were in full retreat to the settlements, destroying all of the stores and ammunition that were so needed in defense of the frontier.

Braddock, seeing these things, was overcome.

"Who would have thought it . . . another time we shall know better how to deal with them," he murmured. Much as the colonists had rebelled against the general's overbearing conduct, they wept as they buried his body in a place where the army wagons, passing over it, might wipe out all traces of his grave so that the enemy might not desecrate his remains. Washington it was who read the funeral service of the Church of England over the ill-fated hero's body.

Braddock was the first English officer sent to conduct a campaign against the savages of the American continent. Before he left England he told his friend, Mrs. Bellamy, that she would never see him more, since he was going with few men to conquer whole nations; and since his troops must cut their way through vast, unexplored woods where their lives would probably be sacrificed to pave the way for Anglo-Saxon progress.

Trained as he was in the European school of war-

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fare, he was doomed to failure, and the blame should rest not so much on him as on the system of which he was a servant. His defeat had an effect more far-reaching than at first appeared. It not only gave the Indians a longer hold on the valley of the Ohio; it also showed the American colonists that the British soldiers were not better fighters than they. Therefore, they were not afraid when King George threatened to use British troops to enforce his oppressive laws.

Washington had come out of the campaign with glory. The Indians had fired repeatedly at his defiant figure, but the bullets seemed to be deflected by a divine power. The Burgesses thanked him for his services. "Your good health and fortune are the toast of every table!" Colonel Fairfax wrote to him. With a few hundred men, he took up the work of protecting the three hundred and fifty miles of Virginia frontier, which Braddock's retirement had left open to the enemy. To his protecting care flocked the wives and children of settlers who, venturing beyond the outskirts of the settlements, had been slain by the Indians.

"It is strange," wrote Thackeray in after years, "that in a savage forest of Pennsylvania, a young Virginian officer should fire a shot, and waken up a war which was to last for sixty years, which was to cover his own country and pass into Europe, to cost France her American colonies, to sever ours from us, and create the great Western republic, to rage over the Old World when extinguished in the new, and of all the myriads engaged in the vast contest to leave the prize of the greatest fame with him who struck the first blow."

Meanwhile, back to the Yadkin, to make a good re-

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port of the part North Carolina had played in the disastrous campaign, went Captain Waddell and his men. Rebecca Bryan, sitting on the door-step of her cabin on a night that reminded her of the one on which Daniel rode away, heard again the call of a bird and drowned its note by a shriek of delight:

**"Mother, it's Dan! He's safe!"**

## CHAPTER VII

### A WILDERNESS WEDDING

“**C**OME out, bridegroom!”  
“Think shame to be a laggard on your wedding morning!”

“It’s a lazy husband Becky Bryan is getting!”

A group of horsemen stood outside of the cabin of Squire Boone, thundering these gibes at its closed door. The sun was just rising behind the forest, but Daniel’s friends, impatient for the day’s festivities, had risen before dawn, and were impatient to begin their escort of the bridegroom to the house of the Bryans, where the ceremony was to be performed.

“Poor Daniel,” Hugh Waddell called, with rough border humor, “we can’t do much to help him now! We’ve seen him through a heap of trouble: we faced bears and Frenchmen and Indians with him, but now he’s got himself into a mess there’s no escaping! It’s easy to cut a redskin’s noose—but matrimony! law! law!”

“It’s a noose I’m glad to be snarled in!” shouted Daniel, emerging. A blush showed through his tanned skin. His hair had been brushed and combed to a gloss; his skin was as smooth as a girl’s; his hunting shirt, leather breeches, leggins and deerskin moccasins were new.

Out came Squire Boone and his wife, followed by Daniel’s brothers and sisters. All were newly ar-



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rayed in such finery as flax and wool and animal skins afforded.

The trail that led to the Bryan cabin was narrow and ran through deep forests. All of the men and women were mounted. They had not proceeded far when blood-curdling whoops rang through the woods. Shots fired from ambush cut the leaves above their heads. The girls screamed. The older men closed in about the women, holding their rifles ready for action. Daniel, Waddell and the younger men darted, Indian fashion, behind trees, and prepared to come to close quarters with the enemy. Thoughts of Arnold and Jules's band flashed through their minds. Instead of another volley, however, mocking laughter was heard, and, with warnings not to shoot, a party of young men from Buffalo Lick came from behind the bushes.

"Just making your wedding day a little lively, Dan!" cried their leader.

The cavalcade proceeded. As they were issuing from the forest, Daniel, whose eagerness had put him in the lead, suddenly drew rein. "Have a care," he called to his companions. The other rode up cautiously to find him busy at removing a barricade of grape-vines which some of the Bryan youngsters had drawn across the narrow path.

"No one pities a bridegroom!" he chuckled, resolved not to lose his temper on such a joy-bringing day.

He plunged into the cabin, and, among the shrieks of Rebecca's girl attendants, caught her in a bear's hug.

Noon was the hour set for the wedding. The room was decorated with roses, geraniums, laurel and other wild and cultivated flowers. Festoons made of foliage hung from the ceiling.

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Squire Boone, by virtue of his office as Justice of the Peace for Rowan County, was to perform the ceremony. Taking a position under a bank of bloom at one end of the room, he beckoned the couple to appear before him.

The elder Boone, born an Episcopalian, had in his early life embraced the Quaker faith, but when the Quakers disapproved of the marriage of his son Israel to a girl who was not a Quaker, and of the marriage of his daughter Sarah to a young man who was also outside of the faith, he had chosen to champion his children and had done his full share to make their weddings joyous. There upon he was "dealt with by the meeting," and on refusing to repent, was disowned. Perhaps it was a recollection of this treatment that led him to invest the present ceremony with a solemnity that impressed itself deeply on the spirits of the couple before him.

Rebecca, for all her girlishness, for all her sparkling eyes and crimson cheeks, made her responses with the seriousness of a border woman. Daniel, for his part, pledged his allegiance to her with an earnestness and manliness that the Bryans observed with satisfaction.

Squire Boone, concluding the ceremony, kissed the bride. The women crowded around her, smothering her with embraces. Then the men threatened to put in force the time-honored custom of "kissing the bride." The young wife would have endured the ordeal without flinching; yet she was glad when at that moment the command rang out to assemble for the wedding feast.

No cabin of that day could hold enough tables to

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accommodate so many guests, so the Bryan family solved the problem in the usual way of serving the meal on tables formed of long boards stretched across trestles under the trees beside the house. Pot-pie was the chief dish. Into it had gone turkeys, chickens and various sorts of game that had been brought in by the hunters of the family. Floating on the surface of the pie were numerous greasy but delectable dumplings. There were also separate dishes of pork, turkey and venison, while wooden plates were piled high with potatoes, cabbages, and other vegetables. When the guests had dined voraciously on these, the feast was brought to a close by jellies, tarts, floating island, sillabub, pears and peaches, with an ample wedding cake as a crowning feature.

Horace Blake, the poet of the Yadkin, when the clamor of dining had somewhat subsided, brought forth a paper, and began to read in a squeaky voice:

Muses attend! where in this fragrant bower,  
We celebrate our friends' auspicious hour,  
And wish that skies and roads be ever fair  
Before the journeys of this wedded pair.  
And as the primrose path they undertake,  
We who remain shall eat the wedding cake,  
And hope to gain, when comes our marriage tide,  
So good a husband, or so fair a bride!

Cheers and hand-clappings greeted this ambitious effort, and then, the floor of the cabin having been cleared, Moses Pike, the musician of the community, took his place in a corner and began to fiddle a hoe-down. Daniel and Rebecca were pushed into the center of the room and commanded to "jig-it." The two were naturally light of foot, and they gave to the awkward

movement of the primitive dance a grace that was seldom equalled by the couples who followed their example. The rough floor and the coarse shoes of the dancers would have been illy suited to the minuet and other stately measures of tidewater Virginia, but the two-, three- and four-reels, square-sets and jigs which were popular on the frontier required no smooth waxed floor or dainty English slippers, and gave these un-cultured borderers quite as much enjoyment as the polished surfaces over which glided their Virginia cousins.

On, far into the night, pausing for another open air meal at twilight, the dancing continued. Daniel, by midnight, had danced with every single girl in the room and with many of the married women. Rebecca, whose glowing cheeks and disordered tresses pale brides of a century later would have looked upon with horror, had whirled up and down the floor in the arms of every man who was young and nimble enough to dance.

At midnight cakes and ale were served, and when the guests with lifted glasses turned to toast the bride and groom, the couple were missing. The clatter of horses' hoofs sounded outside. Down the moonlight trail the pair vanished.

"They can't be borrowing room in their relatives' cabins forever," said Captain Waddell, "tomorrow we'd better start raising Dan and Becky's new home!"

Early the next morning the men who had attended the wedding set out for the site on which the couple had decided to establish their home. One group began to chop down trees and cut them into lengths to suit the various requirements of a cabin. A second group sought out straight-grained trees and split their trunks

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into clapboards for the roof. Puncheons were then hewed out for the floors, and then, with the aid of horses, the lumber was hauled into place. The 'raising' began on the following morning. Four 'corner men' were selected. Their work was to notch the logs and fit them into position at the corners. The other men passed these four the timbers, and assisted in adjusting the logs in place. The floor and roof were first laid; then the rest of the building proceeded, until by evening a rough cabin stood where at daybreak there had been nothing but trees and grass. The cabin measured about sixteen by twenty feet. The chinks were closed with red clay and moss. The door was made heavy enough to withstand the battering of an Indian. Paper, treated with bear's grease, took the place of glass in the windows.

While the building was being erected, other men who were handy with tools had been at work on the furnishings. By nightfall these too were completed—a table, stools, a wooden bed, shelves for dishes, and pegs for clothes or dried meats.

The cabin finished, Daniel and his bride, as excited as mating robins, moved in. Then came the neighbors, laden with homely gifts. Then followed the housewarming. The fiddle of Moses Pike brought to the little house its first strains of music. Horace Blake found inspiration for another poem. Feet tripping and shuffling to reels and jigs helped to smooth the floors. A meal almost as bountiful as the marriage feast was served, and gave Rebecca the opportunity to boast that the contents of the pot-pie were secured entirely by the rifle of her husband.



*From "Daniel Boone," by Reuben G. Theobald. Courtesy of D. Appleton & Co.*

### **BOONE'S LOG CABIN**



## CHAPTER VIII

### TRAINING FOR "THE DARK AND BLOODY GROUND"

"D. Boon cilled A BAR on this tree year 1760"

--*Legend found on a tree in eastern Tennessee.*

THE young husband supported his family entirely by his rifle. The fur and peltry he brought in were either sold for cash or traded for other goods at the store of an old Dutchman, George Hartman, on the Yadkin. At times, when Daniel felt that he could drive a better bargain by going farther, he would load his furs on a horse and proceed to the Moravian town of Bethabara, about sixty miles from his home.

Not far from his cabin stood a forest of beech trees. Bears, seeking the nuts that fell from these branches, made their homes here. Daniel soon discovered this and told his father. Between them, in one hunting season, they killed ninety-one bears. Part of the skins they sold; the rest were used by Rebecca for floor or bed coverings.

After a while, as the game around the settlement became scarce, Daniel and his companions formed the habit of going off for days and weeks at a time into the forests and mountains west of them. By so doing they and their kind earned a title that has clung to them until this day—"The Long Hunters."

When they were away on such trips, their custom



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was to make a camp in a favorable locality and from this spot go to and fro in search of game. These camps were usually made with the front open. The back was formed of logs, the sides and roof of slabs, skins or blankets. To keep out the wind, the chinks were stuffed with moss. For bedding the men used dry leaves. Care was taken to select a site for the camp that was protected from storm and wind, and that wandering Indians would not be likely to discover.

Daniel's love of hunting had developed when he was barely ten years old. Shortly after his father had given him a rifle he went off alone to shoot squirrels, raccoons and even to hunt wildcats. Once, when hunting with some of his boy companions, he heard a weird cry among the trees ahead of him.

"I'm sure that's a panther!" he told his friends. He went searching for the crouching beast and when his eyes detected it, he saw that it was about to spring at him. He dropped the beast with a bullet in its heart.

Once the lad lost himself. His father led a party out in search of him when the night passed without his return. At last the men saw a smoke wisp rising out of a distant forest and went towards it. There they found a crude shelter made of branches and sods. A fire burned within it, and by its flames sat Daniel, cooking game he had shot.

Daniel had learned by hard experience how to kill game in the easiest way. When he started out, he judged by the weather in what localities he should hunt. He knew that in a storm he would find that the deer had sheltered themselves under the lee of hills, and

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that in a rain without wind he would be likely to find them in woods on high ground.

To find the direction of the wind, in order to approach the game from the leeward, Boone followed the usual hunter's trick of warming a finger in the mouth, and later holding it up for the wind to strike it. The side of the finger which became cold first was the side from which the wind blew.

By examining the bark of trees he learned which direction was north and which was south. He knew that, on an old tree, the bark was rougher and thicker on the north side than on the south side. His woodcraft also told him that moss grew thicker on the north side.

When he killed a deer, his habit was to skin it and hang its meat on a branch out of reach of the wolves. Off he would start on his chase again. When evening came, he retraced his steps, gathering the game he had killed during the day.

His companions had done likewise. They met again at the camp and by its fire cooked and ate their supper. Then each of the Long Hunters would tell of the day's adventures.

On Sunday the hunters rested. The Scriptural commandment to keep holy the Sabbath influenced them; if one of their number suggested a hunt on Sunday the others would restrain him by the warning that ill luck would attend him all the rest of the week.

One night Daniel came back to camp with a story that, while he told it calmly enough, yet was admitted by his daring companions to be a narrow escape.

“Ran into a pack of wolves this morning,” he began,

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"and thought that I was done for. They were famished and had picked me out to be their dinner. As soon as I heard their howls I could tell there were a lot of them, and I started to run for some hills ahead of me. The pack saw me and came along so fast that I just seemed to be crawling along. I saw a chink between two big rocks just about big enough for me to squeeze in. I shot the leading wolf and managed to worm my way into the crevice and reload. I killed a good many of them as they swarmed around the opening, and when they poked in their jaws I jabbed at them with my hunting knife. There weren't many of them left when they turned tail."

"If I didn't know you to be a truthful man, Dan Boone," said Eph Hardy, "I'd say that you were spinning a fairy yarn!"

"As it happens," Daniel laughed, "I've got the skins to prove my story! Just count that pile!"

"Fourteen!" cried Eph, after he had obeyed.

"Which doesn't include some mangy furs I decided to leave behind!" asserted Boone.

Daniel spent several of the first years of his married life in such adventures. On these hunting trips he learned much that was to stand him in good stead when he undertook to enter Kentucky.

Over the little cabin beside the Yadkin hung the shadow of an Indian war. The Cherokees, friendly with the French; bitter toward the English who were driving them out of their ancestral hunting-grounds, and further incensed by the wanton killing of certain braves of their tribe by a foolish white leader, had taken the warpath against the frontier settlements of

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North Carolina. In this act they were inspired by the French who, after Fort Duquesne had been snatched from them by the English army that followed Braddock, had in considerable numbers taken refuge in the South.

Along the Yadkin a score of white people had been killed by young Cherokees. The hot blood of these braves had been further inflamed by the whiskey sold to them by unscrupulous white traders. The results to them were similar to those which drink had made on the braves of the allied Catawba tribe, as revealed in the pathetic plea made to the whites by the old Catawba chieftain King Heygler.

“I desire,” he said, “a stop may be put to the selling of strong liquors by the white people to my people, especially near the Indian nation. If the white people make strong drink, let them sell it to one another, or drink it in their own families. This will avoid a great deal of mischief which otherwise will happen from my people getting drunk and quarreling with the white people.”

Hugh Waddell, who bore the rank of captain, had been placed in charge of a fort which Governor Dobbs had erected as a place of refuge for the frightened settlers along the borders of his territory.

“The Indians are your brothers,” preached an earnest young Presbyterian minister, Samuel Davies, to the frontiersmen of Virginia and Carolina, “the God-given mission of the English in this new continent is to convert, not slaughter, the redskins!”

It was a Christianly doctrine—and one that made its appeal to those who lived in the protected regions along the coast, but to Daniel Boone and his type the prin-

ciple was hard to follow. The good traits of the Indians were overshadowed by the outrages they committed when on the warpath. News, for instance, came from the Shenandoah Valley that a settler's house had been attacked by savages; that four children had been bound to trees and shot to death. A boy captive of twelve had been ordered by them to gather dry wood.

"Father," he cried to his bound, helpless parent, "they intend to burn me!"

"I pray not, my son," said the father, "yet if you do not obey them they will kill you with their tomahawks!"

The boy gathered the wood. He was then burned to death by the wretches. Through such deeds the frontiersmen came to look upon the Indians as their natural enemies, to be slain without pity whenever their presence endangered the life of a white person.

"I need your help again, Daniel," Captain Waddell told Boone. "This time I won't take you so far away from Becky, and I promise besides that when we meet redskins we won't retreat!"

Daniel looked at his wife. The pair had grown to love their snug little cabin. Children had come to strengthen the home ties.

Then Rebecca spoke. "I want you to go, Dan. Think of the Cherokees scalping poor little innocent children!"

Daniel nodded. The thought was fresh in all of their minds of the massacre that had recently occurred when a number of white families had started from the Long Cane settlement to go to Augusta. Fifty of them had been killed by bloodthirsty Cherokees. Nine of the children, frightfully hurt, had been found wandering in the woods by rescuers.

"I'll go!" Daniel told Waddell. Pausing only to

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gather his simple equipment and to embrace his dear ones, he joined the company of Indian fighters that were guarding the borders of Rowan County from the Indians who were hiding in the foothills nearby.

Part of this period Daniel spent at Fort Dobbs; the rest of it he served as a forest ranger. One night in midwinter, while he was on duty at the fort, Captain Waddell heard his watchdogs barking fiercely. “I’ll wager they know Cherokees are about!” said Daniel, who was on sentry duty.

“I’m going to find out!” said Waddell. Taking with him Captain Bailey and eight soldiers, he stole out through the gates of the stockade. They went along for three hundred yards without meeting anyone. Suddenly, however, three scores of Indians opened fire on them and then advanced with uplifted tomahawks. Waddell, seeing that he was hopelessly outnumbered, ordered his band to fire and then retreat. Boone and his comrades in the fort, hearing the battle, were about to rush to the rescue of their comrades when the fort was assaulted by a second band of savages. The defenders raked them with their guns and so scattered them that when Waddell and his party reached the gates they were able to drive away the remainder. At a given signal, the defenders opened the gates and the ten men, carrying the two who had been wounded, rushed to safety.

The combined force now prepared to withstand a determined assault, but, finding the garrison so well prepared, the Cherokees lost heart and vanished.

Later, the garrison took the offensive, and, in pursuing the red men, adopted their mode of warfare. Thirty rangers, of which Daniel was one, were scout-

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ing in a forest when they encountered a war party of forty Cherokees. Their pursuit was so swift that the savages took refuge in a deserted cabin by the Catawba River. John Perkins, a daring scout, managed to climb to the roof of the house.

"Now," he cried, as he lighted torches and flung them on the roof, "we'll let you feel what white women felt when you burned them out!"

The smoke poured into the cabin. Hungry tongues of flame scorched the cowering Indians. One young brave stood up defiantly.

"It is better for one of us to die than for all to perish in the flames!" he cried.

He darted out, leaping from side to side. His object was to draw the fire of as many of the white men's guns as possible, and in this he was successful. Emboldened by their comrade's example, the other Cherokees poured forth and leaped across the clearing. Seven were slain, but the rest escaped, due to the gallant act of the first Indian, who lay riddled with bullets. Through many similar conflicts Daniel passed unharmed until the campaign of 1759 ended the Cherokee War. He schooled himself in the art of keeping cool when redskins were howling around him like a pack of ravenous wolves; he became the Indian fighter to whom whole colonies were to look for protection.

From time to time news came to the Yadkin concerning Anthony Arnold. Captain Waddell had caught sight of him in Philadelphia, but Arnold had espied him in time to escape.

"I thought he'd make for the cities," said Waddell. "He's the kind that urges his neighbors to go to battle and squirms out of it himself!"

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A trader who had been in Vincennes brought news that he had met Arnold in that French city; that the schoolmaster was following his profession as a teacher, and acting in a small way as a financier for hunters and trappers, who were required to give him a liberal share of their profits.

“The English will have Vincennes before long!” Waddell prophesied, “but Arnold will turn his coat to suit them! If the truth were known, I’ll wager his devotion to the French is just because there’s money in it!”



## CHAPTER IX

### TRANSYLVANIA: THE PROPOSED "FOURTEENTH COLONY"

**T**HERE was a brilliant young lawyer of Granville County, North Carolina, whose mind leaped beyond thoughts of law when a tall, wiry hunter, clad in buckskin, knocked timidly at his door.

"My name's Daniel Boone," said the visitor, twirling his coonskin cap. "I've got some legal kinks to straighten out, and my father, Squire Boone, allowed that you was the man I should come to!"

Certain tradesman had advanced money to provide Daniel with supplies for a hunting and trapping trip. Boone had fallen in with a hunter named Wallen and had gone with him and his party on an exploring trip along the Clinch and Holston Rivers, reaching a point as far north as Laurel Mountain in Kentucky, though not by way of the gap in the Cumberlands.

When Boone had separated from this party he had hunted and trapped alone, but on his way homeward roving Indians had robbed him of his furs. The men who had financed his trip had turned deaf ears to his excuse for returning empty-handed, and had threatened to sue him for the value of the supplies they had advanced.

"The lawyer you want," Squire Boone advised him, "is Dick Henderson, son of the High Sheriff."

"Henderson?" Daniel queried. "Why, I believe he is attorney for the men who are going to sue me!"

"All the better," his father consoled him, "he'll be all the more interested in your side of the case! I heard him in a law case in Salisbury the other day, and his eloquence and bearing swept the jury off their feet. His wife was in the courtroom—a rosy cheeked girl whom they say is the daughter of an Irish lord. Come to think of it, I don't know which conquered the jurors—Henderson's eloquence or the looks of his wife!"

This advice led Daniel to the law firm that bore the name of Williams and Henderson, of which the latter was the commanding figure. Henderson looked the aristocrat, but in manners he was friendly and democratic. Before the hesitating Boone was aware of it, the lawyer had led him on, past his present troubles, into a description of the vast hunting grounds he had explored with Wallen, and into a conjecture of what lay still farther west. With John Findlay's account of Kentucky in his mind, Daniel talked glowingly.

"It would take a man with a longer tongue than I possess to tell you of the richness and bigness of the country out yonder," Daniel began. "I thought North Carolina and Virginia were fertile and beautiful, but they just can't be compared to what lies beyond the mountains! When I first saw the vast herds of buffalo in the valleys I felt that I was richer than the man in the Scriptures who owned the cattle on a thousand hills, for I seemed to own the wild beasts of more than a thousand valleys!"

"Boone," said Henderson, who had listened with rapt attention, "you can forget about your legal difficulties.

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You are too valuable a man for the future development of this country to be harrassed by petty things. I'll call off your creditors! You can pay me by your services!"

"I'm your servant, sir," said Daniel.

"Draw up a chair," the lawyer invited, "and listen to my plan for a 'Fourteenth Colony.'"

Boone, scarcely believing that he was being asked to sit on equal terms with the brilliant attorney, sat down awkwardly, and continued to twirl his cap.

"What you have just told me," Henderson began, "has strengthened a purpose I have formed. You may think that I should be satisfied with the place I have attained in my profession. As a matter of fact, I consider it merely a basis for the career I intend to enter upon. I want to be an empire-builder, Boone! I have illustrious examples to pattern by. There's the Ohio Company—George Washington's brothers are in it, and George himself is obtaining property in the West by buying up the claims of veterans of the French-Indian War. I have here on my desk a statement by him that shows his intentions!"

Henderson fumbled among his papers and drew out one from which he read:

"'Any person who neglects the present opportunity of hunting out good lands, and in some measure marking out and distinguishing them for his own, in order to keep others from settling them, will never regain it.'

"He's practicing what he's preaching," went on the attorney. "I have it on good authority that he is surveying tracts of land along the Ohio and the Great Kanawha, upon which he intends to found colonies."

"My friend Christopher Gist is surveying for him!" Daniel put in.

Henderson made a mental note of this and continued:

"Then there is shrewd Ben Franklin! Hark you—he is in London now, trying to get the Crown's endorsement on the schemes of the Ohio Company—or some other company if that fails! Walpole and other London bankers are back of him. Their grant of land lies between the Great Kanawha and Scioto Rivers. Their scheme, for foreign ears, is to start another colony for Great Britain out there; but what chiefly concerns them is to parcel out the land and sell it at big prices to the incoming settlers. I intend to form just such a land company. We can buy from the Cherokees a vast tract of land and open it to civilization!"

"Got any particular place in mind?" asked Daniel.

"We'll go south of the land surveyed by other companies. The first thing we need is a practical man to act as surveyor and road-builder. You are just the one for the place! Later we will employ you as a scout to guide the people out to the colony. You can engage as many men as you need to carry out the work! Does it appeal to you?"

Daniel, with scarcely a dollar to his name, and with the prospect of entering upon a work that attracted him tremendously, burst out, "Does it? Just try me!"

"Do our work faithfully," said Henderson, "and you'll be given an opportunity to acquire a substantial portion of the land. Hold your tongue about our plans,

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though, until we have made our treaty with the Cherokees, and your fortune's made!"

Boone rose to go. "Your Honor has certainly made me feel happy," he said, "I'm not the only man who's getting mighty tired of conditions around here. I sold my cabin at the forks of the Yadkin because game was getting scarce down there and because the store-keepers were getting overrun with hunters. Now I'm living on the Upper Yadkin, where there is more game with less people, but I'm not satisfied yet. What with paying high taxes and meeting dishonest sheriffs and running into danger of high court fees every time you move, a man can't call his life his own. And on top of it all there's Lord Granville's rascally agents eternally nosing around to rob poor men of their titles! Rest assured there'll be lots of folk in these parts ready to follow us across the mountains!"

"You're right, Boone," Henderson laughed, "and lawyers and judges aren't having any too gay a time here! What's that they've written about our esteemed associate justice?" In merry tones he recited:

"When Fanning first to Orange came,  
He looked both pale and wan;  
An old patched coat was on his back,  
An old mare he rode on!  
Both man and beast wan't worth five pounds,  
As I've been often told;  
But by his civil robberies  
He's laced his coat with gold!"

Daniel had seen nothing of the wandering Scotchman, John Findlay, since over a campfire in the days of Braddock's disastrous campaign the trader had told him of the glories of Kentucky.

Now, thirteen years later, down into the Yadkin country from his home in Pennsylvania, Findlay journeyed to sell pins, needles, thread and Irish linens to the housewives along his route.

One evening there came a knock at the door of Boone's cabin.

"No doubt the gudewife will welcome one who comes with needles in his pack!" the visitor said.

Daniel, who had opened the door, stared at the newcomer intently.

"Welcome!" he cried, "I'd recognize John Findlay if I hadn't seen him for twice thirteen years!"

In the exchange of experiences, Daniel told Findlay of his fight with the Yadkin schoolmaster, Anthony Arnold.

"What sort of a man is he?" the trader asked.

"A large, stout man, with a fishy eye and with his chin-bone lost in flesh. He has a Roman nose with a deep dent in the middle."

"It must be the same man I met in a village of the Iroquois, near Fort St. Vincent!" Findlay exclaimed. "He was acting as an agent for the French Government, and his work, I think, was to keep the Indians of that section friendly toward France. He had a likeable son—a boy about ten!"

Rebecca stopped her knitting. "He wasn't married when he was at Buffalo Lick!" she said, with a question in her voice.

"He had an Indian wife when I knew him—not so bad-looking either. He deserted her—went back to Vincennes and took his boy with him. The youngster fretted like a caged panther. One day he disappeared. I saw him later with his mother in the Indian village.

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He had gone scores of miles alone, and had then met a band of his own people. Arnold was afraid to go back after his son. His loss has soured him more than ever."

"I'd rather see a child brought up by a savage woman than by him!" Rebecca exclaimed.

Findlay, like most packmen, was a wide traveler and a keen observer, and the gates of his memory could be opened by a word. He belonged to a breed of men who advanced no claims on history, but who yet were the forerunners of those we call pioneers. As early as 1690 a trader named Doherty had visited the Cherokees; while in 1730 another trader named Adair had made a tour not only of the Cherokee villages, but also of tribes adjacent to them. Adair's book, published later in London, gave the civilized world its first information concerning the customs of these tribes.

The traders found the natives fascinated by the trifles they had to offer in exchange for valuable furs, yet in their barter the white men had to spend days in completing one transaction, since the Indians took no account of time.

"How!" the trader would begin.

"How!" came the answer.

The white man would then produce some necklaces of brightly-colored beads and by words and pantomime show that he would exchange them for skins. The squaw and daughter would then approach and adorn themselves with the flashy trinkets the trader handed out.

The Indian at last would bring out his skins, and pile them one by one before the trader, watching him

shrewdly to tell by his expression whether he was giving too good measure. At a nod from the trader that indicated that sufficient value in furs had been offered for the trinkets, the trade would be closed. Then, to gain the good will of the family, the white man would make them a gift of cheap candy or inexpensive calico.

Naturally, the traders were curious to know what kind of country lay west. Their hosts would answer vaguely. Ramsay, in his "Annals of Tennessee," states that the Indian would reply by tracing the contour of rivers, mountains, forests and plains on the sand at his feet, and then state that the journey would require:

"A voyage in a canoe, from the source of the Hogohegee (Holston) to the Wabash (the early name of the Ohio). The native then ended his description by exclaiming: "two paddles, two warriors, three moons." If asked the number of wild beasts that would be met he would point to the leaves of the trees or to the stars.

Gradually the traders found their way across the mountain barriers and into the virgin country beyond. The savages, not dreaming that their white visitors, laden with fascinating articles, were the van of millions of white men who would drive them out of their hunting-grounds, welcomed them. The reception grew still more cordial when the Indians found that the traps and rifles which the visitors offered in exchange for furs gave them the means of procuring game far more quickly than they had been able to do with their bows and arrows.

Of such things Findlay talked as he sat beside Boone's fire. Rebecca sat knitting—and listening. The



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children sprawled on bearskins, harkening with wide-open eyes and intent ears to the adventures of their elders.

When it came Daniel's turn to talk, he told the trader that he expected to be employed by certain men who wanted to build a road into Kentucky. "I'd like to tell you all about it," he concluded, "but I'm pledged to keep it a secret!"

Findlay nodded. "Some land company, I'll wager my pack!" he said. "Well," he went on, "I'll not hold a grudge against you for keeping a still tongue, and to show you my good will, I'll set your feet in the shortest and safest way into Kentucky!"

Rebecca flashed a look of gratitude at the Scot, and Daniel nodded his thanks. "I was hoping you'd do it!" he said.

The preparations for the journey were made quickly and without commotion. Four neighbors, John Stewart, Joseph Holden, James Mooney and William Cooley, were eager to go along, and Boone welcomed them.

## CHAPTER X

### THE EXPLORER

**E**ACH of the explorers was provided with a strong packhorse, on which was strapped a blanket, ammunition, salt and cooking utensils. The trail over which Findlay led them went through Powell's Valley, a fertile strip that ran along the eastern side of the Cumberland mountains. Then they entered "Hunter's Trail" and at last made their way through the range at Onasioto Gap, making their camp at Red Lick Fork. Findlay, after a long search, found in this locality a deserted Indian village called Es-kip-pa-ki-thi-ki, which, on his first trip, he had used as his headquarters. Nothing remained of it but the burnt embers of Indian huts.

"'Tis a pity! They were friendly Indians, and I counted on them to make things peaceful for us," Findlay told Boone. "I fear hostile folk have slain them! I have doubt as to whether we're not endangering our own scalps by camping here!"

Daniel grinned. "It's going to cost whoever takes mine a considerable amount of hair!"

Autumn came and turned to purple, crimson, and gold the glades and woods through which the men hunted and trapped. The berries of the dogwood reddened. The other trees shed their leaves, making it easier for the hunters to find buffalo, bear, elk and deer,

though increasing the danger that the party would be detected and attacked by savages.

Daniel, while his comrades hunted, made rude surveys for the land company, marking boundaries by blazing trees and marking rocks. One day Stewart announced that he was going north in pursuit of a bear whose tracks he had seen the evening before.

"I want to find out the lay of the country up there," said Daniel, "I'll go along and make notes."

The pair journeyed farther from camp than they had at first intended and were absent for weeks. The fact that they had seen no signs of redskins for over a month made them careless. Daniel was awakened one night by his horse's whinny. He knew that his horse could instinctively feel the presence of Indians. Raising himself on his elbows, he nudged Stewart. Before they could seize their guns they were in the grip of Shawnees. The redskins were hunting, and wore no war paint. While they brandished tomahawks, it was more to cow the white men than with intent to slay them. Their leader, who spoke broken English, proudly informed them that he was the great chief 'Captain Will.'

"You show us your camp. We take horses, guns, furs—all you got. Teach white man not to come to Shawnee's hunting-grounds!"

There was nothing for the prisoners to do but obey. Their horses and rifles were already in the possession of their captors. As they led the way back to the main camp they hoped ardently that their comrades had shifted camp, as they had talked of doing.

Sure enough, the camp was vacated. The hunters, however, had cached on its site Boone's and Stewart's

share of peltry and provisions. These things the Shawnees dug up and appropriated.

"Go back east, brothers!" commanded 'Captain Will.' "This is the Indians' hunting ground. All the animals, furs and skins belong to us. Take warning that if you come again the hornets and yellow-jackets will sting you!"

With hoots and threats, the Shawnees turned northward towards their villages. Boone and Stewart followed the trail of their comrades until the Indians were out of sight.

Suddenly Daniel stopped. "I want my horse," he said, "and, what's more, I'm going to get it!"

Stewart, who had been glad to escape with his life, looked at him in amazement.

"You don't mean Dan'l, that you're going back after it?"

"That's what!" snapped Boone. "I won't think hard of you if you choose to go back to the settlements; but I mean to turn back and trail those Shawnee thieves till I get back 'Black Billy'."

Stewart pondered a moment; then he turned in his tracks. "I ain't the sort that would let you try it alone!" he said.

The white men had no trouble in following the trail of the Shawnees, who, never dreaming that those they had robbed would dare to plan a recovery of the property, went along without guarding against pursuit. Their pace, however, was swift, and it was not until two nights later that Boone and Stewart came up with them. As the darkness changed to a gray mist, they stole out to where their horses were picketed.

It was the work of a moment to untether the ani-

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mals, but, though they worked noiselessly, the other horses felt the presence of strangers and neighed and pawed. An alert Shawnee gave the alarm, and as the white men galloped away the redskins pursued, mounted on horses as fleet.

The Shawnees had extra mounts and changed to them, while the animals the whites were riding grew tired. The horses of the pursued ran nobly, but at last, sweating and staggering, they were overtaken by the fresh animals. Boone and Stewart surrendered before the brandished hatchets of their foes, who were now aroused to a pitch that boded ill for the prisoners.

"Steal horses, eh?" cried 'Captain Will,' snatching a bell from around the neck of one of his ponies and placing it around Boone's neck, "we take you to our camp and let our young women see how fast you can run!"

Boone knew that he meant that Stewart and he should be forced to run the gauntlet and perhaps be burnt at the stake. He resolved to lose no chance to escape and, a few evenings later, as the Shawnees went into camp close to a canebrake, he signaled to Stewart to dive to one side. The prisoners had been so submissive that the guards had grown careless, and the shrewd Boone had selected a moment when their attention was centered elsewhere. The white men gained the shelter of the canebrake. The Indians plunged in after them, but to find their quarry at dusk in the thick cane was a hopeless task. Hiding by day and traveling by night, the pair managed at last to get beyond pursuit, for the Shawnees, impatient to reach their villages, were not long in relinquishing the search.

Henderson and his associates had been anxiously awaiting word from Boone. Rebecca had also become anxious over his prolonged stay. Squire, Daniel's brother, fearing that the party had run short of provisions, expressed to Henderson his willingness to go out in search of it with fresh supplies. A friend, Alexander Neeley, offered to keep him company. With packhorses laden with flour, salt and ammunition, the two men started. Daniel had blazed the trail plainly, and solitary hunters and trappers whom the pair met also pointed out the way.

At last they met Findlay, Holden, Mooney and Cooley, who were moving eastward slowly in the hope that their comrades would overtake them. It was a blow to Squire to find Daniel missing. Used as the frontiersmen were to long separations, they did not lose their affection for each other.

Findlay reassured Squire. "Who can equal Daniel for getting out of a difficult place! It's hopeful I am that any day will bring him back to his wife and bairns!"

A halloo sounded. Out of the woods in the rear of them emerged two jaded men.

"Was I not a true prophet!" roared Findlay, "Rebecca Boone has lost another chance to gain a second husband!"

Much as Daniel wanted to see his family, he decided not to accompany the party home. The supplies Squire had brought gave him a chance to make another try at fortune, while he shrank from facing his wife and employers empty-handed.

"The Shawnees," he explained to Squire, "have robbed

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me of everything I own. The land company has charged against me the horses and supplies we've used on this expedition. I haven't been able to complete the surveys they want. I can't face Becky with the old tale of returning poorer than when I went out. I'm going back to finish my work and get enough furs to pay my debts!"

Findlay, Holden, Mooney and Cooley decided to return to their homes. Stewart, whose circumstances accorded with those of Daniel, decided to return to the wilderness with him. Squire Boone and Neeley, eager for the experiences the others had met with, resolved to keep them company.

Daniel had discovered that the region around the mouth of the Red River abounded with fur-bearing animals. Here he led his party. The four built a lean-to against an overhanging cliff, and used buffalo and bear skins to make their shelter wind-proof. Against the time when snow-storms would prevent their hunting, they stored up a supply of jerked meat, bear's oil, buffalo tallow, dried buffalo tongues, fresh meat and marrow bones.

The cheery blaze of their fire was not sufficient to dispel their homesickness when the first snow came. Neeley, who was fond of reading, came to the rescue.

"You folks may think yourselves great adventurers," he called out, opening a worn volume, "but what you've gone through is nothing to what the man in this book experienced!"

"Who's he?" asked Daniel.

"A fellow named Gulliver!"

"Never heard of him!"

Neeley laughed. "You wouldn't be apt to! You'll

have to hunt in strange countries to meet him! Let me read you something about him!"

The men sprawled on buffalo skins while Neeley read from Dean Swift's famous work, "Gulliver's Travels." The hunters listened with keen amusement to the tale of how Gulliver got wrecked on the coast of Lilliput, the country of pigmies; and how he later fell among the giants of Brobdingnag. Especially they enjoyed the account of how Glumdelick, who for a time was Gulliver's master, took him to the town Lulbegrud, the capital of the Brobdingnags. The people and places of the story, indeed, became a part of their language. A creek ran by their tent. Boone, making his survey, racked his brain for a name for it. "We'll call it Lulbegrud!" he declared, and "Lulbegrud" its name remains to this day. When clear weather came and hunting was resumed, Neeley made them roar with laughter by returning to camp after he had killed two buffaloes, with the announcement that he had been to Lulbegrud and had slain two Brobdingnags.

As spring drew on, the party did not hold together long. Stewart went off on a lone hunt and never returned. A long while afterwards, Daniel chanced upon his skeleton in the decayed trunk of a tree. Neeley tired of the wild life and set out for the settlements. Daniel and Squire hunted and trapped beaver and otter, but at last, as their supply of ammunition dwindled, Squire agreed to go back to the Yadkin for more supplies.

"Tell Becky," Daniel said, "that I'll come as soon as my work is done."

So far as he knew, he was the only white man remaining in that vast stretch of country between the



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Alleghany mountains and the Mississippi. Through the valley of the Kentucky he wandered. Flowers blossomed in clouds along his trail. Scarlet tanagers flashed through the green leaves. Thousands of wild beasts crossed his path. Along the Licking he roved. The waters of the Ohio he explored to the Falls. The track of the buffalo he followed till he came to Blue Licks—the future scene of a desperate battle in which he was to have an active part. His travels through this tremendous stretch of unexplored country gave him his well-earned reputation as “the pioneer of Kentucky.”

He managed to avoid contacts with Indians, but when the time came for their spring hunts, he had several narrow escapes. Once as he was passing through a region where he knew Indians were, he chanced upon a painted redskin fishing. It was a life or death matter, so he slew the Indian and sunk his body in the stream. “It is not the kind of way I like to fight,” he muttered, “but what good would a dead husband be to Becky!”

This adventure was dwarfed by one that came to him a few weeks later. Pursuing his solitary way, he came out upon the top of a cliff that overhung the Kentucky River. As he stood looking down on the wild scene before him, a party of savages arose across the path by which he had come, and spread themselves out so that their brandished tomahawks barred every path of escape.

Daniel saw that to attempt to fight the band would be folly; that while he was slaying one the rest would be upon him. The only course that lay open was to leap from the cliff. This way was scarcely less dangerous than an open conflict with the savages, but he

chose it. As his foe, whooping hideously, closed in on him, he turned and leaped in the direction of a maple tree he had seen growing under the precipice, fifty feet from the top.

He managed to fall into the outer branches of the maple, which broke his fall and enabled him to clutch a limb. It was but the work of a second to reach the ground, skirt the hill, and disappear into a forest, in which he traveled with such craft that the dumbfounded redskins never found his trail and went to their lodges believing that they had seen a spirit.

On a third occasion he was less fortunate. On a dark night he sat alone before his campfire, counting the weeks that must pass before he would feel justified in returning home. Becoming sleepy, he put out his fire and wrapped himself in his buffalo robe. In his sleep he was suddenly seized by Indians. He saw that to resist would endanger his life, and he felt that if he were calm and fearless his captors would respect him and take him to their camp. Events took the course he had foreseen and he was taken to the village of the redskins, a few miles from where he had been captured.

When the squaws and papooses caught sight of him they yelled with delight. Their antics told him plainer than words that on the morrow they would make him run the gauntlet and then burn him at the stake. The women poked curiously into his pockets and discovered a flask of spirits. Immediately both braves and squaws began to drink.

As they reveled a gun was fired at a considerable distance from the camp. The Indians caught up their rifles and went off to discover the cause of the firing.

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The two squaws who were left to guard Boone, having hidden the bottle in their garments, now drank its strong contents between them.

Soon they became sleepy and, sprawling at Boone's feet, began to snore. The children, tired of jeering at the prisoner, had disappeared. Twilight had settled over the village. Daniel decided that the time had come to free himself. He rolled over toward the campfire and held out his arms in such a way that the flames burned through his cords. With scorched wrists, he leaped to his feet, recovered his rifle, and sprang into the forest. Obeying a whim, he marked the spot by cutting three deep gashes in an ash sapling. He reached the river, crossed it, and dived into a canebrake, again hiding his tracks with such skill that pursuit was impossible. Though the marking of the sapling was done by impulse, twenty years later, when a Virginian came to purchase the very ground on which Boone had lain a captive, this tree became one of the boundary marks and was thus referred to in the deed:—"at an ash marked by three distinct notches of the tomahawk of a white man."

Daniel was lighthearted now. He had completed his surveys. He had cached a rich supply of furs and peltry. His exploration of the Green and Cumberland Rivers was near its end. He meant to go home.

Gaspar Mansker and a party of Long Hunters, stealing along the banks of Green River, paused in amazement at hearing some white man, unmindful of Indians, singing. The words were those of a crude border song, but the spirit was that of Ulysses, turning his face toward his loved ones. The Long Hunters peered through the bushes and beheld a fellow-hunter sprawled

flat on his back, singing to the birds. The singer was Daniel.

Squire met him on the homeward way and told him that Becky had sent him word that if he had made the wilderness his wife she wanted to know it.

"When I tell her that I've mapped out the loveliest spot in the world for her home," said Daniel, "it'll take the edge off her temper!"

## CHAPTER XI

### THE FIRST BLOOD SACRIFICE

**I**N the early summer of 1771, Rebecca, busy at her chores, saw her children dash down the road to greet a hunter who led a well-laden pony. She followed them.

"You've been gone two years, Dan," she said with brimming eyes, "and the neighborhood was whispering that you'd deserted us!"

"I've been working for you all the time," Boone returned soberly. "I'm like Caleb, come back to report on the land of Canaan, Becky. It's a wonderful country out there, and I can't live anywhere else!"

"I expected you to say that," his wife said. "It hasn't been much of a home here with you away—we'll be ready to go when you say the word."

Boone surveyed his children wonderingly. They formed two pairs of stair-steps as they stood in a row watching him—the boys James, Daniel, Israel and Nathan; and the girls Susan, Jemima, Lavinia and Rebecca. His older sons had developed into stalwart, keen-eyed youths; while Susan and Jemima were almost as tall as their mother.

"Why, they're men and women—almost!" he said to his wife, "and I'll wager they're all able to look out for themselves out yonder!"

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Rebecca swept a worried glance over her radiant flock. "From what the men who went with you told us, they'll need to be able!"

Daniel nodded. "It wouldn't be right not to look facts in the face: the Indians don't want us on their hunting-grounds and they'll fight to keep us back. At the same time these land companies are getting ready to pour settlers into the country, and the ones who go first will fare best. We've taught our youngsters to take what comes. After the first few months, there'll be enough white people out there to crush Indian attacks." He turned to the eldest. "What do you think of it, Jim?"

"Ask Uncle Squire if I didn't almost go on my knees to him for a chance to go out to meet you the last time? We're not afraid—we know how to shoot and use our knives! Haven't we kept the family in meat since you've been gone?"

Susan was engaged to be married to a young man named Hay, and, in shyly announcing this fact to her father, she threw in as a crumb of comfort the news that her lover and she were looking forward to making their home in Kentucky.

Daniel looked at Jemima, the second girl. She was bright-eyed and ruddy-cheeked, with a rebellious mass of glossy black hair. In spite of her plain calico gown she was a bewitching person and she reminded the father of her mother in girlhood.

"Jem," he said, "how will you girls vote?"

"We're not hankering to fight redskins," she said with a slight tremor, "but if it's to be the business of the family, I guess we can pull triggers as well as the boys!"

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Daniel turned away well satisfied with his brood. He was glad now that he had overlooked no chance to give them lessons in woodcraft. He had taught them how to recognize and sound the calls of the beasts and birds of the forests; how to bring wild turkeys within range of their rifles by imitating their gobbling; how to mimic the cry of a fawn in order to draw its mother within range; how to locate wolves by mocking their howls. So expert had they become that on more than one occasion neighbors had complained that by imitating the screeches of the owl they had caused them to think that redskins were close by.

As to the tomahawk, Daniel would be willing to wager that any of his boys would be a match for an Indian youth. Out of his own experience, he had showed them that a thrown tomahawk would make a given number of turns, thus teaching them to hurl a hatchet so that it would strike in any position the thrower had decided upon.

Daniel now went to call on Henderson. The lawyer greeted him with unrestrained eagerness.

"Boone," he exclaimed, as the hunter hesitated in his doorway, "I'd have gone wild if you had stayed west much longer!"

"I've brought back every map and note you'll need!" Daniel said. "It took a long time to cover the country, but you've got information now that no other white man possesses."

Henderson ran through Boone's papers feverishly. "This means that we can soon start negotiations with the Cherokees. To tell the truth, your long stay hasn't delayed matters much, because I haven't yet heard fi-

nally from my agent in England. Lord Mansfield will soon decide whether the laws of Britain will permit me to buy lands from the Indian tribes."

"Looks like that might tie matters up for years!" Daniel said.

"My plans are too great to be spoiled by hasty action," Henderson replied. "I'm as eager to proceed as you, but I have reason to believe that the legal opinions will be in my favor, and that the matter will be settled soon. When I get ready to deal with the Cherokees, I'll send you out to call them to a council."

Boone did not shrink from such a mission. Although he had had frequent encounters with hostile Indians, he at the same time had traded with friendly savages and learned how to converse and negotiate with them. Indeed, it was his knowledge of Indian ways that enabled him throughout his career to lull their suspicions when they captured him and to so dupe them that escape was possible.

"Well, Judge," he said as he arose to take leave of the lawyer, "I'm going to move my family nearer to Kentucky. I'm getting to like this place less and less. There are too many lawyers and sheriffs fattening themselves off poor men. Out there men can have an equal chance!"

"But we're to have laws out there, too!" Henderson cautioned. "None of these self-appointed Regulators will be allowed out there. Why, not long ago when I was about to open court in Hillsborough, these Regulators entered my court armed with cudgels and whips for the express purpose of cowing the jury and myself. It took all my powers to maintain the dignity



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of the court. They horsewhipped several lawyers and court officials. Then they tried to force me to conduct the court with jurors chosen only by them! By the Lord Harry, I wouldn't stand for such anarchy, and I left Hillsborough that night! Probably you've heard them spreading rumors that I ran away!"

"I have," Daniel answered boldly, "but that's neither here nor there. These troubles will make recruits for you when you get ready to start your colony, and Regulators won't try to run things if you make your laws few and simple and don't tag them with the king's name!"

Daniel went home and began to prepare his family for the journey across the Cumberlands. Time was required. Another child, John, was born to him; a sturdy, gurgling, kicking baby that seemed to be voicing a desire to be carried along.

As soon as Rebecca had decided that John had grown strong enough to endure the hardships of travel, she sent word to her kin, the Bryans, of Daniel's intention to move to Kentucky. These, not to be outdone, sent word that a party from their branch of the family would join the caravan. Captain William Russell, of Clinch Valley, also sent a messenger to say that he would join them. The Russell party had agreed to meet Daniel's band in Powell's Valley, from which place the leader intended to proceed into Kentucky by way of Warrior's Path via Cumberland Gap.

The question of how to obtain sufficient supplies again worried Daniel. As he was not now on business for Henderson, he could get no advances from this source. The hunter began to make inquiries among the

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storekeepers of the neighborhood, hoping that one would be found that would be willing to make him a loan on condition that he would repay it by sending back a load of peltry. He had no success at first, but at last, in a strange way, he attained his object.

"I met an old friend of ours and made a deal with him," he announced sheepishly to Rebecca as he returned to the cabin from the town nearby.

His wife looked at him sharply. "You don't look particularly happy over it," she said.

"Why," he confessed, "it's kind of taken my breath away. I was telling my wants to old Silas Beech when a big, stout, greasy man was introduced to me as the new owner of Beech's store. He'd bought out the old man. When he heard my name his face turned red. Then he spoke up nicely and said he remembered you and me, and time had wiped out old scores, and he was ready to assist me in my pioneering adventure!"

"Wiping out old scores? What did the man mean?" cried Rebecca.

"Why," returned Daniel, "it was Anthony Arnold—the schoolmaster I gave a licking to! He told me the reason he took the side of France then was that his mother was a French woman, but since the English conquered he'd been loyal to the victors."

Rebecca's mouth flew open. Daniel expected a rebuke for having entered into a bargain, but instead his wife burst into laughter. "Will you ever forget the way he looked after you knocked him down!" she said.

"If he's the only man you can find to make the advance," she went on, more soberly, "I guess it's right to do it, but I'd watch him closer than an Indian. I

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can't forget Findlay's story of his deserting his squaw-wife."

"He forced himself on me!" Daniel replied, "and I was desperate, and in the mood to accept—so the thing's done. I'll send him a horseload of good furs and the matter will be ended."

Anthony Arnold came down to watch the start of the caravan. He greeted Rebecca with oily politeness; congratulated her on her stalwart sons and rosy-cheeked daughters; and expressed the wish that Daniel would make him his agent for disposing of all the furs he sent back from Kentucky.

"When men can be of use to each other," he said, "no act of their hotblooded youth should be allowed to stand between them!"

The caravan started. All of its members were mounted on wiry, sure-footed horses. Daniel and those to whom he had assigned scout duty rode in advance, searching the forest before them with a keen, never-relaxing gaze. The smoke of a campfire, the swoop of a buzzard, or any other sign that seemed to indicate the presence of human beings were signals to the scouts to halt the caravan while they reconnoitered. When their investigation showed that the way was free from danger, travel was resumed.

Behind the sentinels moved the long string of pack-horses, followed by cattle and swine guarded by young men and boys. This rear-guard was more likely to be attacked than the van, for the cattle were inclined to turn aside from the trail and the herders had often to scatter, giving lurking Indians a chance to attack.

Due to the lack of roads, no wagons could be used,



**DANIEL BOONE LEADING THE COLONISTS INTO KENTUCKY**  
From the lithograph in the North Carolina Hall of History

1902



so the horses were loaded with those materials that would otherwise have been hauled in a conveyance—articles of furniture, cooking utensils, tools and farming implements. Feather-beds were rolled up and fastened lengthwise on each side of a horse; they were tied in place by ropes and, forming a sort of cradle, were used to carry the younger children. Rebecca solved the problem of transporting the youngest members of her brood by this method; the baby John she carried in her arms.

Her older children shepherded the younger ones. Their task was not an easy one for, unmindful of Indians or wild beasts, the children were fond of skipping and playing in advance of the horses, and had often to be brought back.

When the party camped the men attended to the tethering, feeding and watering of the animals; the boys and girls gathered wood for a fire and spread around it deerskins and buffalo hides as seats for the party; the women prepared for the hungry flock a simple but plenteous meal of ham, pickled beets, cheese, coffee, and cornbread baked in the fire.

At Walden Mountain Boone halted his party to await the Bryans. He had reason to believe that Russell and his comrades had already arrived in Powell's Valley, which lay close to them, so he decided to send word to Russell of their approach.

James Boone, who was now in his seventeenth year, was eager to be the messenger. Daniel's eyes glowed as his boy pleaded with him to be sent. He had been training Jim for such work as this. When the boy was only seven years old the father had taken him on a

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long hunting trip, and thereafter on many a hunting and trapping expedition had taught him all that he himself knew of woodcraft. He counted on Jim's aid in the work that lay ahead of him and rejoiced to see the youth eager for the most dangerous undertaking.

"Go," he said, "but take John and Dick Mendenhall with you."

Off set the three young men. It was an easy task to find Russell and his band. The Clinch Valley pioneer had a son of the same age as Jim, and the two became friends at once. Jim invited young Russell to go with him as he returned to his father's camp, and, with a guard of two white men and two negro slaves, the four set out.

Night came and hid the trail. The party camped for the night, not dreaming that they were only three miles from Boone's encampment.

Early the next morning one of the white men and one of the slaves found their way to Boone's caravan with terrible news.

A war party of Shawnees, that had evidently been spying on Boone's party, had attacked the sleeping band and tomahawked all except these two survivors. Boone and his friends hurried to the place of slaughter. An hour later they returned to camp bearing the scalped bodies.

As she helped to prepare beside the lonely trail a grave for her son, Rebecca said:

"Daniel, we deserve to do well in Kentucky—we've already paid the price on its threshold with our flesh and blood."

One hundred and fifty years later a tablet was to

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be erected over the youth's grave, in Lee County, Virginia, bearing this inscription:

Near this spot  
JAMES BOONE  
eldest son of  
DANIEL BOONE  
was killed by Indians  
October 10, 1773

---

Erected by the Virginia  
D.A.R.

The members of the Boone and Bryan parties, which had meanwhile united, thought of their sons and daughters as they watched the burial of the young men and declared their intention of returning home.

"The murder of Russell's, Boone's and Drake's son is in every mouth," wrote a man who had met the party to a friend.

The scouts of the party brought news that they had seen signs in the forests beyond that indicated that the savages in the regions the white men had to cross had uprisen to bar their path. Boone was still eager to go forward; yet he could not but admit that the times were not favorable towards founding a settlement in Kentucky.



## CHAPTER XII

### THE WARNING OF "DRAGGING CANOE"

COLONEL WILLIAM PRESTON, County Lieutenant of Fincastle, a border county of Virginia, had received despatches from his Governor, Lord Dunmore, which directed him to organize volunteer regiments to carry on a war against the red men.

Traders had brought word that the Indians had combined to fight the encroaching white settlers and Dunmore had decided to defend his border people by giving battle to the savages in their own haunts.

Colonel Preston, in turn, issued a proclamation. He told the borderers that the opportunity they had long waited for had come. He bade them rejoice over the prospect that "this useless people may now at last be obliged to abandon their country." It was a harsh, one-sided appeal; yet it voiced the sentiments of most of the colonists.

The war fever spread. Whereas the Indians considered the white men to be land robbers, the latter looked upon the redskins as barriers in the path of progress. The story of Captain Michael Cresap, of Maryland, who heard at Wheeling the news of the outbreak of the war, offers a fair example of the way men answered the call to battle.

He had with him a hundred men. They tore off their clothes and streaked themselves with red and black

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paint. "Captain," one of them called, "paint yourself and lead us!"

"Boys," he answered, "don't lower yourself to the level of those we're going to fight!"

"Set up a war pole!" some one rebelliously suggested.

"Clark shall lead us if Captain Cresap refuses!" another called.

A war pole was planted. Around it the rangers whirled. Clark, a slim, blue-eyed, hot-blooded Virginian, the future leader of the western forces, led their dance. Then into the forest they rushed. When they returned to sober-minded Michael Cresap they flourished before him two Indian scalps.

At Yellow Creek, not far away, an occurrence even more savage was taking place. Three traders named King, Greathouse and Sapperton made their headquarters here. Along the opposite side of the stream came a small party of Mingos. King waved aloft a bottle of rum.

"Let the brave Mingos come across and drink with their white brethren!" he cried.

The redskins complied. Following them came some Indian women. One of these was the wife of Colonel John Gibson, an American soldier. In her shawl she carried her baby.

"Drink!" cried King and his partners. The Indians gulped the whiskey. Whether the traders meant to slay the Indians, or whether the murder was conceived after they themselves were drunk, is a question. King suddenly shot one of the Mingos. Then he whipped out his hunting knife and cut his throat. "I will treat you," he cried, "as I treat deer!"

King's companions fired upon the other Mingos.

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Twelve of the braves were killed. Gibson's wife turned to flee but was also shot down. In a drunken rage, one of the whites bent over her to slay her baby.

"It's white! It's one of yours! Spare it!" she gasped as she died. Her words sobered her murderer. He lifted the baby and gave it to onlookers who later sent it unharmed to its father.

A Mingo chief, Branching Oak of the Forest, had been friendly with the white men. Out of his admiration for James Logan of Pennsylvania he had adopted his name. News came to him that the traders at Yellow Creek had slain his brother, his sister, and a kinsman. Swearing that ten white men should die for each of his relatives that had been killed, Logan went forth to fight them alone. The news of the massacre, however, had spread among the Mingos and their allies. It increased their fury a hundred times.

Thus the worst nature of the white men was matched by that which was most evil in the hearts of the redskins. Neither side could be held guiltless in causing the bloody strife that followed.

But if a few whites cast dishonor on their side, there were many others who conducted themselves with honor. Among these was Daniel Boone. The first problem of Lord Dunmore was to save the white men who had already ventured into Kentucky. To the American officers and soldiers who had fought in the Seven Years' War between England and France, which had made Canada a British colony, there had been promised by the British Government two hundred thousand acres of western land. The transfer had been delayed and Dunmore, Washington and other leading colonists had taken steps to speed the transfer by sending out sur-

## The Warning of "Dragging Canoe" 95

veyors. Dunmore had directed James Harrod to go with a party of surveyors and establish certain boundaries. Harrod and his men had entered Kentucky from Pennsylvania, by way of Ohio. George Washington had sent out John Floyd to protect his interests, and Floyd had entered Kentucky by way of the Kanawha. Other adventurous white men had entered "the dark and bloody ground" on similar missions. Virginia's Governor knew that the sudden uprising of the various tribes would place these prospectors in great danger. It was necessary to warn them at once, and yet to send a man on this errand seemed to be ordering him to death.

Who would volunteer? Whose experience, strength and woodcraft would promise success on this journey of over eight hundred miles through a foe-crowded country?

"Daniel Boone!" cried Dunmore's advisers with one voice. "Boone knows the ground! He can outwit a tribe of Indians! If the men are alive he'll find them!"

And so, through Colonel Preston, Dunmore inquired if Boone would go.

"There's only one answer to give," Daniel said to his wife. "Suppose I was out there and the savages were rising between home and me thicker and madder than hornets? I'm proud the Governor thought of me! I'm going!"

Rebecca thought of her son's lonely grave and comforted herself by thinking that Daniel's going would save other mothers from suffering losses akin to hers.

Daniel was off like an arrow. With him went James Stoner, who had been with Harrod on an earlier trip and who knew the country almost as well as Boone.

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The two men had been told the routes the surveyors had planned to follow. They chose a trail that led them to a point on the upper part of the Kentucky River. Down this river they meant to proceed until they reached Preston's Salt Lick. Then they planned to go across country to the Falls of the Ohio. Returning, the route was to be by way of Gaspar's Lick on the Cumberland River.

Deer and buffalo were thick in their path. They shot only what they needed for food, making sure first that no savages were within hearing. Buffaloes, catching their scent, scattered and ran before them in droves.

Often Boone and Stoner chanced upon fresh Indian trails. They saw that they were the tracks of large bands of Indians, and that all of the trails were converging in the same direction.

"They're closing in on Harrod and his boys!" Daniel said, "we've got to go even faster than we're moving!"

At last they found John Floyd and gave him news that turned him homeward. On they went, almost stumbling upon a war party of Mingos. They hid in a thicket until the band passed and even followed them for a few miles to determine their size and destination.

Harrod and his men had reached that section of Kentucky now known as Miller County. They had cleared the ground, laid out a settlement, and begun to build cabins. While they had been attacked by small bands of Indians, they had been so successful in driving them off that they thought themselves safe.

Out of the forests came suddenly Boone and Stoner.

"Turn back before the trap shuts on you!" Boone warned them. The information the scouts brought con-



**BOONE AND HIS COMPANIONS TAKING THEIR FIRST VIEW OF THE BEAUTIFUL LEVEL OF KENTUCKY**

From a painting by T. Gilbert White, in the Kentucky State Capitol



## The Warning of "Dragging Canoe" 97

vinced the daring Harrod that it was his duty to return.

Thomas Bullitt and his party were warned next. One of these, Hancock Taylor, the messengers heard later, delayed in heeding the warning and was slain by savages.

The rest of the prospectors reached their homes safely, and on their heels, as calmly as if returning from a day's hunt, came Boone and Stoner.

John Floyd, grateful to Boone for sending him to safety, proposed that the latter be employed to enlist and command a company of rangers during the approaching campaign. "He has more influence than any other man disengaged," Floyd wrote to headquarters. "I love the man!"

Major Campbell in due time called upon Daniel to organize a company to guard West Fincastle from Indian raids. Boone consented, but he would have preferred to have taken the trail. He felt that he was better equipped to lead men through the wilderness than to command them behind the walls of a fort. In the bustle of war preparations, however, his great ability as a scout (proved once again by his expedition to warn Harrod and the other prospectors) was overlooked. He was assigned to the command of Moore's Fort in Clinch Valley. His uniform was of deerskin, colored black. He wore his hair plaited and clubbed up. To offset the monotony of fort life, he frequently led his men in pursuit of war bands of Indians whose presence had been reported by his scouts. On one of these trips he found a Cherokee war-club, and, because of what it signified to the white men who found it, sent it to



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Major Campbell. The club had been placed beside the body of a white settler whom the redskins had slain, and was a token to his race that more white men were to die in the same manner. Interesting as it was to soldiers unused to Indian customs, the club meant more to Boone. While he was a prisoner of the savages, he had seen it used as a means of voting whether or not he should be put to death. It was passed from one to the other. Those who wanted to slay the captive struck the floor with it. Those who favored sparing his life passed it on to their neighbors without hitting the floor.

Daniel's record soon led to his being promoted to a captaincy. Several forts now came under his command. These advancements, however, brought him small comfort. His heart was with Andrew Lewis and his borderers as they fought with the great Shawnee chief Cornstalk at Point Pleasant, the hardest-contested battle of the war.

A young borderer brought them news of the struggle. He had joined the army of General Andrew Lewis at the outset, and had marched with him on the nineteen-day journey to the mouth of the Kanawha, where Lewis had been ordered to consolidate his forces with those of Lord Dunmore.

"When we got to Point Pleasant," the returned soldier told Boone and his men—with eager boys creeping in between their elders to listen wide-eyed to the story—"two of our men strayed off from their regiment in pursuit of a deer. They ran into Shawnees. One of them was killed; the other managed to escape, and rushed back to tell us that he had seen an army of savages covering four acres of ground!

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"The General lit his pipe just as coolly as if he was sitting in peace on his own door-sill! Then he told Colonel Charley Lewis, his brother, and Colonel Fleming, to lead their companies on to skirmish, while he made plans to attack them with the rest of us.

"Word soon came back to us that the Indians had attacked these companies; that both Colonel Lewis and Colonel Fleming had received death-wounds; that their men were preparing to retreat. Colonel Field was sent forward with another regiment and managed to make the others hold their ground. By charging, they drove the Indians behind a breastwork of logs and brushwood they had thrown up. After that we all got into the battle.

"We were fighting on a point of land that projected into the river. The stream was narrow. The savages swarmed down on the opposite bank, and then crossed the river and hemmed us in.

"Boys," said the General, "we've got to beat them—if we don't they won't leave a man of us to tell the tale!"

"Within the breastworks and fighting from behind trees and bushes were fifteen hundred Shawnees, Delawares, Mingos, Wyandots and Cayugas. They were led by the greatest number of big chiefs that ever came together, I reckon—Cornstalk, Logan, Red-Eagle, Elenipsico, Puckeshinwa—the father of Tecumseh—and other great chiefs. We heard Cornstalk shouting:—'Lie close! Shoot well! Be strong, and fight!' We soon had their breastworks ablaze. I saw Cornstalk tomahawk a brave who turned to flee. There weren't many cowards—some of the Shawnees were so daring they ran up to the very muzzles of our guns. When

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we saw them fighting so bravely we just had to respect them.

"At last General Lewis sent Captains Shelby, Matthews and Stewart with three companies to attack the savages in their rear. They managed to steal through a gap in the lines, hiding their movements by using high weeds as a screen. Then they rushed out on the redskins with such freshness and determination that the Indians judged them to be Lord Dunmore's army.

"The jig was up with them. At night they retreated across the Ohio towards their towns on the Scioto. We heard afterwards that when news came to them that Dunmore was marching overland to cut them off from their towns they were ready to fight again."

"Andy Lewis's victory has settled the war!" Daniel predicted. "It's a little early to celebrate, but we can prepare now to welcome home our men! The next thing we hear will be that Cornstalk's begging for peace!"

"They say the Governor won't let up on them until they surrender all claims to Kentucky!" said the returned soldier.

"And Cornstalk will have to agree to it!" Boone declared. He turned to his wife, the light rekindled in his eyes:—"Becky, the road to Kentucky is clear for us at last!"

"So it looks!" Rebecca responded cautiously.

Boone was a trifle too optimistic. Cornstalk, true enough, was ready to accept Dunmore's terms, however hard they seemed. To these ferocious young braves who urged him to fight even though Dunmore invaded their homes, he had said mockingly:

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"Shall we first kill all our women and children and then fight till we ourselves are slain?"

Having thus silenced them, he had agreed to Dunmore's demand that the Indians yield all claims to Kentucky, and, to this extent, Boone was a true prophet. There remained, however, the Cherokee chiefs to deal with. These were not bound by Cornstalk's agreement, nor by the surrender of rights made by the Six Nations at Fort Stanwix in 1768.

The towns of the Cherokees lay near Cumberland Gap, and the closeness of these savage warriors to the path by which Henderson intended to bring settlers into the projected colony formed a constant threat to the success of the enterprise. If the Cherokees attacked the first parties of adventurers, then those planning to follow them would grow faint-hearted and turn back. Clearly, the Cherokees must be persuaded to yield their titles.

Resolved to bring this about, Henderson again had need of Boone, and sent for him.

Daniel took back with him enough furs to more than wipe out his indebtedness to Anthony Arnold, who greeted him as he would a brother and evinced great interest in his future movements.

"You'll hear soon enough about it," Daniel said evasively. "Judge Henderson will make an announcement soon!"

"I understand you're going to lead the first settlers out to Transylvania," said Arnold; "it's no secret around here that Henderson is going to form a colony in Kentucky! I think everyone who goes will prosper. I want to go along—that is, if it is quite safe!"

"I'll let you know when we start!" Daniel replied,

leaving. He was afraid that he would betray the interests of his employer by talking too much, and he felt that Arnold was extraordinarily eager to learn of his plans. "I wonder if that fellow has really forgiven me for knocking him down?" he pondered.

His interview with Henderson was intensely interesting. "As soon as we arrange matters with the Cherokees," the lawyer said to the frontiersman, "the colony starts. We have cleared away all legal barriers, and our finances are in good shape. We want you to go at once to the Cherokee chiefs and pave the way for a council. We will agree to pay them well for a surrender of their titles. You will name a place and date for the meeting. As soon as an agreement is reached you can lead your men out to break ground for the commonwealth of Transylvania!"

Into the wilderness again went Boone. His fame had reached the Cherokee villages and they greeted him ceremoniously.

"My red brothers know that the white men will in time possess this land, whether or not the Cherokees desire it," he told their chiefs boldly. "Why wet the ground with the blood of your young men when the white men are willing to give you more gold and merchandise than you would get by years of hunting?"

The Indians coveted the goods of the white men. The braves craved rifles and paint. The squaws loved finery. The chiefs, after much eloquence had been poured into the ears of the patient Daniel, agreed to attend the council. Boone asked them to meet Henderson and his associates at Sycamore Shoals on the Holston River, on the date Henderson had suggested,

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March 17, 1775. This accomplished, he returned to report to his employer.

The appointed day drew near. Eastward rode Richard Henderson and those North Carolinians who were sharing in his great adventure—John Williams, Thomas and Nathaniel Hart, Nathaniel Henderson, Jesse Benton and Valentine Searchy. With them went hundreds of frontiersmen under the command of James Robertson, John Sevier, Isaac Shelby and William Bailey Smith—leaders who in Tennessee and other border regions were already making history as colonizers.

Out of the forest came twelve hundred Cherokee warriors, under the leadership of their chiefs Oconostota and Attakullakulla. Following them came certain squaws who had been brought along to judge from a woman's point of view the value of the merchandise offered.

The white men and the red men met peacefully at the appointed treaty grounds. Henderson had brought with him a pack-train laden with goods. This merchandise was spread out for the inspection of the savages and the sight of it brought forth loud grunts of approval from both brave and squaw. In fact, these luxuries spoke more eloquently to the tribes than did Henderson's persuasive tongue. Yet the Indians loved to bargain, and many conferences were required before the transaction was completed.

The Cherokees sat in a semi-circle on a green slope between the forest and the river. Before them stood Henderson, backed by his partners and advisers. He had wisely provided that no liquor should be brought to the treaty-grounds; therefore the debate was for

the most part carried on without a display of hostile feeling. The Cherokee chiefs hid behind their grave exteriors amused hearts. Well they knew that Kentucky was a "no man's land;"—a common hunting ground for Indians of all the surrounding nations; a place where painted warriors from the south met painted warriors from the north and fought the gory battles that had well earned for the region the title of "the dark and bloody ground." Well they realized that the title which was to pass from them was worth nothing in preventing other tribes from making war on those whites who would dare to raise cabins in the places the Indians came to shoot buffalo.

Thomas Price, a trader whom the Cherokees trusted, acted as interpreter. The chiefs first offered to sell Henderson a region that had been previously bargained for by Virginia. Henderson refused to buy land to which Virginia might have a claim. Thereupon, Dragging Canoe, a chief of the Chickamaugan branch of the tribe, leaped to the center of the conference and made a bitter appeal to his brothers not to yield any of their land to the white men.

"Everywhere," he cried vehemently, "you will see houses and forts spring up! The deer and buffalo will be slaughtered! Our braves will have to go hundreds of miles beyond their present hunting grounds to get food and fur for our people! Corn will take the place of the green haunts of the elk! Horses and cattle will stamp out our hunting trails!"

So aroused were the Indians by the dramatic appeal of Dragging Canoe that they sprang to their feet and followed him off the treaty grounds. The gold and merchandise, however, lured them back. On the next

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day the conference was resumed and the Cherokees agreed to sell the land Henderson desired. The price agreed upon was ten thousand pounds sterling, payable in money and goods. The tract purchased covered twenty million acres, embracing almost all of the present State of Kentucky, as well as a portion of Tennessee.

Dragging Canoe still opposed the transfer. Facing Henderson and his comrades he exclaimed:

"A dark cloud hangs over the country you covet, which to the red man has long been a bloody ground! War paths cross it from north and south and settlers will surely get killed. For such results the Cherokees must not be held responsible!"

A friendlier chief said later to Boone:

"Brother, it is a fine land we sell you, but I fear you will find it hard to hold."

Henderson's caravan had its fringe of camp followers—men who had been lured by the glamour of the transaction. Henderson had encouraged such as were prospective settlers, and Arnold had found a place among these. He kept close to Boone, plying him with questions, enticing him to show him his survey books.

Henderson observed Arnold's attentions to Boone and called the latter aside.

"There are some men in this party whom I suspect of being agents for other land companies. I am fearful that they are secretly turning the Shawnees against us. Arnold is one. Be careful of what information you give him."

Boone nodded. "I've been giving him considerable information, but if he went to act on it I'm afraid he'd go astray."



## CHAPTER XIII

### BLAZING THE WILDERNESS TRAIL

*"They remind us of Boone and his adventurous companions, plying the forest with their axes, and throwing their quick and anxious glances around them, as if the reverberation of every stroke might be the tocsin of their doom."*—GOVERNOR MOREHEAD.

THE Cherokees, laden with merchandise, had gone back satisfied to their villages. Transylvania was no longer a dream. The title to it lay in the keeping of Henderson's company. True, the English Crown had been ignored in the deal, but these were days when King George no longer commanded the loyalty of the colonists. True, Virginia had been slighted, but the adventurers thought that commonwealth had enough to do to fight for her independence without looking westward to what was going on in territories she thought belonged to her. And so Daniel Boone was told to hire men of bravery and endurance and open the road from the Holston to the Kentucky River for the settlers that were to come.

While Boone was widening the path he had already made, back in the tidewater regions the people were being informed of the glorious project in terms that made it seem that the journey to Transylvania was as safe and pleasant as a trip from Baltimore to Philadelphia.

Here is the announcement that Colonel Henderson

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and his partners inserted in *The Virginia Gazette* on September 30, 1775:

“A company of gentlemen of North Carolina having, for a large and valuable consideration, purchased from the chiefs of the Cherokee Indians, by and with the consent of the whole Nation, a considerable tract of their lands now called Transylvania, lying on the Rivers Ohio, Cumberland, and Louisa; and understanding that many people are desirous of becoming adventurers in that part of the world, and wish to know the terms on which lands in that country may be had, they therefore, hereby inform the Public, that any person who will settle on and inhabit the same before the first day of June, 1776, shall have the privilege of taking up and surveying for himself 500 acres and for each tithable person he may carry with him and settle there 250 acres, on the payment of 50 S. Sterling per hundred, subject to a yearly quitrent of 2 S. like money, to commence in the year 1780. Such persons as are willing to become purchasers may correspond and treat with Mr. William Johnson in Hillsborough, and Colonel John Williams of Granville, North Carolina, or Colonel Richard Henderson at Boonsborough in Transylvania.

“This country lies on the south side of the Rivers Ohio and Louisa, in a temperate and healthy climate. It is in general well watered with springs and rivulets, and has several rivers, up which vessels of considerable burthen may come with ease. In different places of it are a number of salt springs where the making of salt has been tried with great success, and where, with certainty, the quantity needed may be easily and conveniently made. Large tracts of the land lie on limestone, and in several places there is abundance of iron

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ore. The fertility of the soil, and goodness of the range, almost surpass belief; and it is at present well stored with Buffalo, Elk, Deer, Bear, Beaver, etc., and the rivers abound with fish of various kinds. Vast crowds of people are daily flocking to it, and many gentlemen of the first rank and character have bargained for lands in it; so there is a great appearance of a rapid settlement, and that it will soon become a considerable colony, and one of the most agreeable countries in America."

There is no mention in the advertisement of danger from redskins, despite the warning of Dragging Canoe at Sycamore Shoals. We shall soon see how "easily" the salt was made. Scarcely six months had passed since the signing of the treaty, a little too early for "vast crowds" to follow in the tracks of Boone.

Doubtless, however, the land-hungry people of Virginia and North Carolina took this announcement with several grains of salt. They knew that a mere treaty did not remove from their path the peril of attacks from savages. Yet the news that the famous Captain Boone and his men were guarding the road and settlement did much to assure them. Though he did not know it, Boone was the chief asset for the land company.

Meanwhile, ignorant of what was going on back East, mindful only of his task, Daniel had gathered together thirty brawny men as hardy as himself. Some of these men had fought with Lord Dunmore and General Lewis. Most of them had been "Long Hunters." A half-dozen, however, had had no experience in the western wilds, and these Boone assured that the road they were to take would soon be a safe one.

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"Now that Colonel Henderson has bought off the Cherokees," Daniel said, "I'm reckoning on getting clean through to Transylvania without having to kill one redskin!"

Boone, as he lifted his axe to blaze the path, was doubtless too absorbed to think about the throngs that were to follow him. When he did turn his thoughts in this direction, it is not probable that they strayed beyond Rebecca and his children. Yet had he a prophet's vision, he would have seen adventurers of every description, thronging westward from Virginia, Maryland and the Carolinas to follow his road.

First to come would be bands of wiry, keen-eyed hunters and trappers and traders with packs of trinkets and cheap merchandise to be exchanged in the Indian villages for pelts worth fifty times as much as the articles for which they were traded. Too often these traders would carry supplies of liquor that were to work more ruin among savages than would be done by a score of tribal battles. Following would come preachers who, while sharing all the hardships of the pioneers, coveted only as their reward the chance to preach to them of the love of Christ. Then would come small farmers and their families, much like the members of Boone's own clan, or mechanics bent upon seizing the opportunities a new colony opened. Brides and grooms; old couples near the end of life, yet feeling the urge to plunge into new fortunes; lawyers, politicians and land speculators who hoped to gain wealth and position by founding new cities—for these and many other types of men Boone and his comrades cut "The Wilderness Road."

We have called the land Boone entered upon a wilder-

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ness; yet scattered through the country were large plains covered only by grass, and there were also great areas of upland country which bore no trees.

The forests of poplars, beeches, sycamores and sugar maples were usually easy to pass through, since Indians, deer and buffalo had made trails through them.

Starting at the Cumberland Gap, Boone and his woodsmen followed Warrior's Path, the trace used by the Indians as they traveled from their villages on the Ohio and the Scioto to their southern hunting grounds. For fifty miles they followed this road, then, diverging to the left, followed a buffalo trace.

Boone's daughter Susannah had married William Hays, and the couple joined the caravan. One colored woman went along as a servant, and Susannah and she were the only women in the party.

Daniel's hope was that his party would escape encounters with hostile Indians was not fulfilled. They had not gone far when one of his men showed him fresh Indian tracks. Following these they came upon the scalped body of a Long Hunter. The backwoodsmen took the discovery coolly, but Jarvis, a big blustering fellow from the Yadkin who had forced his way into the company, made a loud outcry against the Indians.

Boone, after examining the trail, had given it as his opinion that the murderers were now many miles away. Upon this Jarvis exclaimed:

"If I don't scalp a dozen of them when we meet them, then I'll let you fellows scalp me."

"Good," Daniel said dryly, "that'll mean that there'll be twelve savages that we don't have to waste bullets on."

## Blazing the Wilderness Trail III

A few hours later, one of the men caught sight of a fleeing savage and fired his gun. Other men started in pursuit. Boone, who had reason to believe that the redskin was alone, glanced at Jarvis, who stood pale and hesitating.

"Hold on," shouted Boone, "it's only a small party! Jarvis can look after them!"

But Jarvis had already started on his way back to the Gap.

Meanwhile, as Boone steadily forged ahead in spite of the increasing danger from hostile savages, Henderson followed hard on his trail with the first band of settlers.

Spring had now indeed come to Kentucky—such a spring as can only come to a land where nature is unchecked in her work of spilling blossoms and flowers over forests and meadows. Laurel burst into bloom on the Cumberlands. Beside it flamed the azalea. The redbud lifted its blossoms along the edges of the forests. Violets and other shy wild flowers carpeted the woods and lined the streams. Buttercups, daisies and dandelions spread their gold across the blue grass. The country rioted in loveliness. So thrilled were the travelers by the beauty of the land which they were to possess, and by the profusion of game they met, that one of them expressed the opinion that they should kiss the soil as Columbus had done when he first set foot on the shores of America.

The scene was awe-inspiring to Henderson and his adventurers when, months later, they followed in the wake of Boone.

Henderson's party was composed of forty men and boys. Each man had a packhorse, upon which he car-

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ried a supply of powder, lead, salt, garden seeds and other articles necessary to their work. As they emerged from the sugar brakes, the plains of Kentucky met their eager gaze, more lovely than they had imagined.

It was well that the party had the loveliness of nature to please and comfort them, because their hope of a peaceful entrance into the land was soon to be down-cast. At a place called Scaggs's Creek they met a party of nineteen persons under the leadership of James McAfee. These were returning from a vain attempt to make a settlement in Kentucky.

"You can do as you like about it," said McAfee to Henderson, "but if I were you I'd turn back home. The venom of the Indians has convinced us that it's a hopeless task to try to settle in Kentucky."

Henderson's head went high in the air. It would not do to have the adventurers in his party discouraged by these faint-hearted folk.

"The perils you met will disappear from now on!" he announced. "I have bought the entire country from the Indians and have the assurance of their chieftains that we will not be molested. I advise you, instead of trying to persuade us to give up our enterprise, to turn yourself and go with us."

"It is land that Virginia bought before you!" James McAfee stoutly asserted, "and you have no just title to it!"

Henderson indignantly denied the statement and launched forth in a strong argument in support of his claims. To his great satisfaction Robert, Samuel and William McAfee turned against their relative James and decided to go to Transylvania. Three other men also decided to cast in their lot with Henderson's party.

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Henderson had spoken bravely to McAfee, yet in his own heart there were doubts. A week before he had recorded in his rude diary:

"About 11 o'clock received a letter from Mr. Luttrell's camp that there were five persons killed on the road to the Cantuckie by the Indians. Capt. Hart upon the receipt of this news retreated back with his company, and determined to settle in the Valley to make corn for the Cantuckie people. The same day received a letter from Dan Boone that his company was fired upon by Indians, killed two of his men—though he kept the ground and saved the baggage, etc."

Meanwhile, Boone and his party were undergoing severe hardships.

The road he and his companions clove led up and down steep, rocky hills. Sometimes it led through miles of bewildering canebrakes. In crossing the steep-banked streams the horses often floundered in mire or quicksands. Once Boone's horse, well loaded, escaped from his grasp while fording the Cumberland River, and he was forced to struggle in the rapid current before he captured and subdued her. Sometimes their precious loads got wet, and at other times the packs were entirely lost.

Under these conditions their rate of progress was about five miles a day. Hardly a day passed without them finding the body of some white man who had been murdered and scalped by the Indians.

When food became scarce, several of the men set out in search of game. If they failed, the next resort was to kill some of the cattle for food. The meat was often cooked without seasoning and eaten without bread.



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The letter Daniel had scrawled to Henderson from the temporary fort he built on Otter Creek was as follows:

"Dear Colonel:

"After my compliments to you, I shall acquaint you of our misfortunes. On March 25th a party of Indians fired on my company about half an hour before day, and killed Mr. Twitty and his negro, and wounded Mr. Walker very deeply, but I hope he will recover.

"On March 28th as we were hunting for provisions, we found Samuel Tate's son, who gave us an account that the Indians fired on their camp on the 27th day. My brother and I went down and found two men killed and scalped, Thomas McDowell and Jeremiah McFeters. I have sent a man down to all the lower companies in order to gather them all at the mouth of Otter Creek.

"My advice to you, Sir, is to come or send as soon as possible! Your company is desired greatly, for the people are very uneasy but are willing to stay and venture their lives with you, and now is the time to frustrate their (the Indians) intentions, and keep the country, whilst we are on it. If we give way to them now, it will ever be the case. This day we start from the battle ground for the mouth of Otter Creek, where we shall immediately erect a fort, which will be done before you can come or send, then we can send ten men to meet you, if you send for them.

"I am, Sir, your most obedient

"Ombles Sarvant

"Daniel Boone."

"N. B. We stood on the ground and guarded our bag-

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gage till day, and lost nothing. We have about fifteen miles to Cantuck at Otter Creek."

Boone's dogged pioneer spirit, shining thus through his letter, reveals his right to one of the highest places in American border history.

Henderson, after reading Boone's letter, acted as a man of purpose and hardihood would. He sent a messenger back to his associates in the East with Boone's letter, and with orders to forward to him large supplies of powder and lead. Not to alarm them to a degree that would cool their enthusiasm in selling Transylvania plots, he wrote them:

"We are all in high spirits, and on thorns to fly to Boone's assistance, and join him in defense of so fine and valuable a country."

To hearten Boone he sent young William Cocke to bring news of the coming of his party. Cocke well knew that the chances were ten to one that he could make the journey without falling into the hands of hostile savages, yet he volunteered. His supplies were a Queen Anne's musket, ammunition, a tomahawk, a knife, a blanket and some jerked beef.

Notes which the messenger left on the trail from time to time kept Henderson informed as to his safety. He reached Otter Creek without harm, and was greeted by the danger-beset backwoodsmen with cheers.

## CHAPTER XIV

### THE FORT IN THE WILDS

**T**HROUGH two hundred miles of mountains and wilderness Henderson's forerunner, Boone, had laid the road. At last he and his men emerged at the spot selected for the beginning of the new colony, and broke ground.

So far, Henderson had succeeded in his great scheme, by surmounting barriers that would have defeated men of less courage. He was an uncrowned monarch, apparently entering upon a richer domain than that possessed by any king of Europe. Yet he had done it in a democratic way that commanded respect, and had shown his willingness to give honor where honor was due by paying this tribute to the man who had blazed his way:

"It was owing to Boone's confidence in us, and the people's in him, that a stand was ever attempted in order to wait our coming."

"First come, first served, Daniel!" said a spokesman for Boone's road-builders. "Now that we men have blazed the way to Transylvania, we ought to have our choice of lots!"

Daniel felt that there was justice in their claim. The work had been arduous and the danger great. Yet he was without authority.

"It's a matter for Judge Henderson to decide," he

answered. "My advice is to wait until he comes—he'll deal fairly with you."

"We'll put up our cabins first!" returned the spokesman. "When Henderson sees the lots occupied he'll be more willing to deed the ground to us!"

When Transylvania's owner at last arrived, and went out with Boone to inspect the land upon which he proposed to erect the capital of Transylvania, he was vexed at the action of the men. The flat land adjoining the river which the road-makers had claimed was undoubtedly the most desirable section. His first idea was to resist the road-makers.

"I don't believe you can control them," Boone advised. "They had their jaws set when they were talking to me!"

He pointed to a hill about three hundred yards from the disputed ground. It overlooked the river and was almost as good a site as that seized by the men. "Why not reserve that for the buildings you want to erect?"

Henderson nodded. He saw that it was an excellent location and he realized that the road-makers were entitled to the best of the territory they had opened.

"We won't quarrel about lots, Boone," he said. "With all the excellent land in Transylvania to choose from, all comers can be satisfied."

It shows the esteem in which these settlers held Boone that the place was named Boonesborough, instead of Hendersonborough. The two men, however, worked together without jealousy. Daniel led in the work of fortifying the colony, while Henderson busied himself in drafting laws for its government and in opening an office and store for the sale of land and supplies to new arrivals.

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These first cabins were laid out in the form of a quadrangle, covering a space two hundred and fifty feet long by one hundred and twenty feet broad. At each corner a two-story log cabin was erected which projected beyond the lines, thus making it possible to defend the cabins between from the portholes of the corner buildings. Between the cabins rose pickets twelve feet high and a foot thick, sharpened at the top. This enclosure was the stockade against which tide after tide of Indian warfare was to dash without beating down its walls. The entrance was guarded by two gates that resembled barn doors.

Behind the fortress ran the Kentucky River. In front and on both sides of it lay the clearing, among the stumps of which the settlers planted Indian corn. Beyond the clearing rose the wilderness, from which at any hour might emerge an army of Indians bent on the destruction of the pioneers.

Thus was erected Boonesborough. Within supporting distance of it were the settlements Harrod's, Boiling Spring and St. Asaph's, all of which were located on land included in Henderson's grant. For many months these four villages stood as the outposts of civilization, sturdily resisting every attempt to wipe them out.

Henderson, his plan of government completed, sent messengers to the neighboring settlements, requesting that they elect representatives to attend a "House of Delegates of the Colony of Transylvania" at Boonesborough on the twenty-third of May. Six delegates were chosen to represent Boonesborough at the council. Among them were Daniel and his brother Squire. Each of the other settlements were allowed four repre-

sentatives. The delegates came from the other places, but some of them hid rebellion in their hearts. Henderson's claims were openly disputed in their settlements. Harrod and his men were especially bitter. Harrod had been the first man to build in this region and he and his friends did not relish having the sites they selected incorporated in Henderson's Transylvania.

This comment, however was kept under the surface for the present time. The delegates determined to let the would-be empire-builder display his plans; then, if opportunity offered, they would act.

Watching events closely also was Anthony Arnold, who had ventured to come to Boonesborough along with a large and well-guarded party. He told Boone that he expected opportunities soon to develop by which the pair of them could make a great deal of money.

"You see," he said suavely, "so long as there are no wagon roads from the East, there is bound to be a scarcity of materials. The trader who lays in a stock of food, household goods, and farming tools is bound to prosper. Why, a traveler from Tennessee tells me that salt brought to the settlements there from Richmond sells for ten dollars a bushel! With you to run a pack-train to and fro, and me to back you, we'll both be rich men!"

"You've planned it pretty well," said Daniel, "but you've got Judge Henderson to reckon with. What's he building a general store for? To let you and me walk away with his trade?"

"Just wait!" said Arnold, "the proprietor is a mighty person, but he can't control everything. Others will have a chance—and soon!"

He produced a paper. "Here," he said with a smirk,

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"is a document I had a hand in making. It is a petition of the inhabitants and some of the intended settlers of Transylvania, and is addressed to the Convention of Virginia. Now you will understand why Henderson is a poor stick to lean on:

"'We humbly expect and implore to be taken under the protection of the honorable Convention of the colony of Virginia, of which we can not help thinking ourselves still a part and request your kind interposition in our behalf, that we may not suffer under the rigorous demands and imposition of the gentlemen styling themselves proprietors, who, the better to effect their oppressive designs, have given them the color of a law, enacted by a score of men, artfully picked from the few adventurers who went to the country last summer overawed by the presence of Mr. Henderson.'"

Boone listened, grinned, and walked away.

Under a great elm in Boonesborough the assembly convened. The tree's branches were so widespread that one hundred persons could be seated comfortably in its shade. "This elm," Henderson exclaimed when he first saw it, "shall be our church, statehouse and council chamber!"

The delegates grouped themselves around the tree. The delegation from Harrod's included a minister, who opened the assembly with prayer. The frontiersmen bowed their heads reverently as he asked God to guide and protect them in their perilous venture, and prayed that good will would prevail between the proprietors and the settlers.

A presiding officer was chosen and then Henderson, with his partners Hart and Luttrell, appeared before



**THE SYCAMORE SHOALS TREATY**

From a painting by T. Gilbert White, in the Kentucky State Capitol





the assembly. Henderson opened the council with an eloquent address.

"All power is originally with the people," he told the delegates. "If prudence, firmness and wisdom are suffered to influence your counsels and direct your conduct, the peace and harmony of thousands may be expected to result from your deliberations."

He begged them not to be discouraged if Indians attacked their settlements, and urged them to make laws that would safeguard their homes and communities, assuring them that they could pass such laws "without giving offense to Great Britain or any of the American colonies, and without disturbing the repose of any society or community."

The proprietors and the representatives then signed articles of agreement, though some of the latter must have mentally withheld full consent. Then, before the assembly, the treaty made by Henderson with the Cherokees was concluded. A lawyer had been sent to represent the Indians. His manner of transferring the land was in accordance with an old Indian custom. Taking up a piece of the soil, he handed it to Henderson, who grasped it. The two men continued their mutual hold of the dirt until the attorney announced that the ceremony was completed and that the whole of the land covered by the treaty belonged to the white men.

Having noted the abundance of game found by the "Long Hunters," the reader will think it strange that one of the first laws proposed by Daniel Boone and swiftly passed by these backwoods legislators was to protect and preserve game. Yet Henderson, Boone and other far-sighted settlers knew what they were about

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in proposing such a measure. Some of the men in the colony were not above the wanton slaughter of game. These reckless fellows would kill six buffaloes when all the meat they could carry away after the killing was the amount that could be packed on a horse. This slaughter drove the remaining animals farther west. The careful hunters soon began to complain that to find buffaloes or deer they had to go twenty or thirty miles away from the settlements. This note in Henderson's diary shows the need of such a law:

"Hunters not returned. No meat but fat bear-meat. Almost starved. Drank a little coffee and trust to luck for dinner. Am just going to our little plant patches in hopes the greens will bear cropping; if so, a sumptuous dinner indeed. Mr. Calloway's men got a little spoiled buffalo and elk, which we made out with pretty well, depending on amendment tomorrow."

Laws to improve the breed of horses, though few horses had as yet come to the settlement; and "to prevent swearing and Sabbath breaking" were also passed. In the first of these laws the backwoodsmen were undoubtedly looking forward to the horse-racing for which Kentucky later became famous. Before many months passed race-tracks appeared, and of all the frontier sports—the bear hunt, the deer drive, target shooting, throwing the tomahawk, jumping, wrestling, chopping and dancing—the contests between blooded horses caused the most excitement. By 1775 Shallow Ford Station had its race-track. The racers were handicapped, however, by the fact that part of it ran next to a forest, from the shelter of which Indians occasionally fired at the riders and horses.

The Legislature closed its sessions on Sunday. A

religious service was held, with the minister from Harrod's in charge. One can form a clear idea of the remoteness of Transylvania by the fact that the preacher prayed for the "most gracious Sovereign Lord, King George," when, five weeks before this occasion, the farmers of Lexington and Concord had fired the shots that served as a signal to the American colonists to leave King George out of their prayers.

When the assemblymen dispersed, the settlers set to work to complete their cabins and gardens, so that their families, eagerly awaiting the day when they could join them, might be housed in some manner of comfort.

A salt famine arose. To preserve meat it was necessary to salt it. When there was only one quart of salt left in Boonesborough, Henderson decided to send men back to Martin's cabin in Powell's Valley for the supply he had stored there. Boone and his friend Calloway decided that the time was opportune to bring out their families, and went East with the young men who had been ordered to fetch the salt.

At "Snoddy's on Clinch," which is now the town of Castlewood in Virginia, Daniel found Rebecca and his children. Calloway's family was awaiting him in a fort close by.

Boone had arranged to join the salt-carriers and journey back with them. He urged every man he met to go with the party to Transylvania.

"It's the poor man's country!" he told them. "The land is almost free! The grass is so rich it's blue! The people are honest, open-hearted Virginians and North Carolinians—like yourselves! Don't stay tax-burdened and sheriff-ridden when the door to Kentucky is wide open!"

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His sincere enthusiasm convinced many. Hugh McGary, Richard Hogan and Thomas Denton joined him with their families. His party amounted to twenty-six men, four women, and a half-dozen boys and girls. They were in sufficient strength to discourage roving Indian bands from attacking them. As it was, the hardship of the journey was sufficient to tax the full endurance of the party without the added terror of assaults by savages. The trials of the road may be judged by what sprightly Margaret Dwight, niece of President Timothy Dwight of Yale College, wrote when she ventured along similar paths two decades later:

"The reason so few are willing to return from the Western Country is not that the country is so good, but because the journey is so bad."

Daniel, when he rejoined Henderson, found him in depressed spirits.

"What's wrong?" he asked. "New people are coming out every month! They're buying land and implements from you! The Indians are holding off from attacking us! I should think you'd feel mighty cheerful about the prospects!"

"Boone," said Henderson soberly, "leaving out the Indians, there are five groups of enemies arrayed against me, and when I conquer an attack from one quarter I am forced to resist one in another quarter. If they combine their forces I'm afraid they'll overwhelm me."

He held up his hand and began to count off on his fingers the classes opposing him.

"First, there are the public officials of Virginia and

North Carolina. They think I have acquired land that belongs to their commonwealths, although they might just as well claim the country from ocean to ocean. I see that Governor Martin has announced to North Carolina that we are 'an infamous company of land pirates!' I understand that Lord Dunmore has written to Attakullakulla and other Cherokee chiefs that their sale to us is illegal and will have to be annulled; he has also sent out a proclamation threatening 'one Richard Henderson and other disorderly persons, his associates,' with fines and imprisonment if they do not yield the land.

"Our second adversaries are other land companies who covet this sweet morsel. I suspect that your fawning friend Anthony Arnold is a spy for one of these rival concerns. Most of those who are opposing us in public capacities are interested privately in these companies, not excluding Lord Dunmore himself. Indeed I might say that such leaders as George Washington, Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson would not object to standing in my shoes!

"The third class comes nearer home. You know how Harrod and his companions feel towards me. The fourth is also close by. Our ambitious friend George Rogers Clark is in our midst, plotting to get the settlers to ignore our purchase and gain control of the government.

"The fifth foe may prove to be greater than all the rest. It is 'Hairbuyer' Harrison, the British Governor of Detroit. Rumors have reached us that, since the farmers of Lexington and Concord have opened the war against King George, Harrison has decided at any cost to drive us Americans back across the mountains!"

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"I've heard that!" Daniel said. "It's my opinion that all the other foes you've mentioned count for nothing alongside of the 'Hairbuyer' and his Indian allies. We've had a fairly peaceful time here so far, but I see fighting ahead."

"Well," concluded Henderson, "it'll be your task to see that we are fortified and ready to withstand a siege. Meanwhile, I'll take it upon myself to defeat the rest of those who want to down us!"

## CHAPTER XV

### KIDNAPPED

**R**EBECA and her daughters were the first white women to stand beside the Kentucky River. Three weeks after their arrival, however, Colonel Calloway returned to Boonesborough, escorting his wife and daughter.

These pioneer women had schooled themselves to be ready to endure any hardship or peril. When prospects were dark, they summoned courage by remembering what other border woman had borne. There was, for example, Mrs. Merrill, whose bravery was spoken of in every wilderness cabin.

When savages attacked the lonely house of John Merrill and his wife, he was shot by them as he stood in his open door. His wife dragged him into the room and succeeded in barring the door before the savages reached it. The Indians with their tomahawks began to chop a way into the cabin. Seizing an axe, Mrs. Merrill stood by the hole they cut, and clove the heads of the first two as they came through. Other savages climbed upon the roof and prepared to go down the chimney.

The fire was smouldering. Seizing her feather-bed, the resourceful woman threw it on the fire. Flames and smoke leaped up the flue and blinded and half-smothered the redskins. As they dropped into the



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room, she slew them with her axe. The rest of the band, dismayed by her prowess, fled as if from a witch.

Another example for these backwoods wives and daughters was the young mother who occupied a lonely cabin while her husband, a hunter and trapper, went into the forest. Before starting, he made the cabin look as if it was deserted, disarranging its primitive furnishings so that the hut appeared to have been suddenly abandoned. The boards that formed the floor were taken up and piled carelessly in a corner. Before this pile was made, however, a hole was dug in the ground in this corner of the cabin large enough to accommodate the mother and her children.

When the watchful wife saw Indians emerge from the forest to cross the clearing in front of her cabin, she hurriedly hid with her little ones under the flooring, pulling the boards over the hole. The redskins prowled through the cabin, seizing such of the furnishings as they thought were worth taking, and then, thinking that the dwellers had fled before their approach, vanished.

This, to be sure, was an extreme case of peril and resourcefulness, yet the women of the Boone and Calloway families and such other women as clustered about them were to be called upon to go through ordeals almost as terrifying.

The Boone cabin in Transylvania was severely simple in its furnishings. The table was made of a slab of wood. The beds had for blankets the skins of buffaloes. The chairs were made of hickory wood with seats of deerskin. Gourds were used for drinking, and as containers for meal, salt, soft soap, maple sugar and other food supplies. The antlers of bucks served as

racks for rifles, powder horns and fishing poles. Clothes, saddle-bags, bundles of dried herbs, strings of red pepper, and 'hands' of tobacco hung from wooden pegs. Over the fireplace was a rude shelf on which was kept the family's homely medicines, an ink bottle with quill pens, and a few books. The Bible was the bulwark of this shelf library, and beside it were usually the works of Shakespeare, Pilgrim's Progress and an almanac.

Pork was served with Indian corn—"hog and hominy"—was the principal diet. For bread there was "johnny cake" and "pone," both made from cornmeal. These dishes were usually served for breakfast and dinner. The supper was even simpler—cornmeal mush and milk. If milk could not be obtained the housewife poured over the mush molasses, gravy, or even sweetened water or bear's oil.

Without Indian corn it is hard to see how the frontier could have been won. It was the main food of the home. The soldier parched it and carried it on his march. Women and boys could raise it when the men were away fighting.

The smallest community managed to have its school-house, though it was only a rude cabin with rough-hewn benches. The slates were made of pieces of shale; the pencils were made of soapstone gathered from the beds of streams. The teacher was some wandering scholar who boarded where he could, and fully satisfied the demands of the parents if he knew reading, writing and arithmetic.

The girls of the Boone and Calloway families became close friends. By accompanying their fathers and mothers into the wilderness, they had left behind

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the opportunities the tidewater regions offered for education and enjoyment, and were forced to depend upon their own resources for amusement. They were kept busy, however, in assisting their mothers to keep house. They helped to raise flax, tend gardens, and raise sheep for wool. They learned to spin and weave their own garments. Their home-made spinning wheels and looms were constantly whirring.

The young men of the community, especially Sam Henderson, John Holder and Flanders Calloway, began to seek the girls' company. The coming of women and girls, indeed, had exercised an immediate change in the men folk. They made haste to call upon the arts of the women to mend or renew their garments; they began to shave; hair-cutting became one of the established trades of the settlement.

The young men initiated the girls in the art of target-shooting, and were glad to have them as spectators when they performed their own exploits. They thought nothing of shattering an apple thrown into the air at a distance, or of cleaving one held between the fingers of a fearless comrade.

There were dances held at night in the various cabins and occasionally there was a religious service. The young people made use of both types of meeting to develop their acquaintance. Then came time for corn-shucking, in which sport everyone in the community joined. A few negro slaves had come with the immigrants from Virginia, and these became the center of the husking. They were divided into two parties of equal size, and each side was assigned an equal amount of corn to husk. One of the negro minstrels

would play a familiar air on his banjo, and the rest would sing as they shucked.

With spring came canoeing. Gradually the settlement had lost thought of hostile Indians. True, during the winter there had been an encounter with a small band of redskins, but months had passed since then and there had been no signs reported of Indians in the neighborhood. Their hunting parties had begun to give the settlement a wide berth, and the colonists had concluded that, until they heard that the savages were on the warpath, they had little to fear from them.

One afternoon Betsy Calloway stopped with her younger sister Frances at the Boone cabin. Jemima Boone answered their knock.

"Come with us, Jem—Flanders has left his canoe on the beach by the fort!" Betsy said. "Mother has given us permission to paddle around in it!"

"Jemima may go if you promise to keep in sight of the fort!" called Mrs. Boone.

The assurance was given, and the three set off.

Late that afternoon, Flanders Calloway emerged from the forest, carrying on his shoulders a young deer he had shot. As he passed the Boone cabin he paused and whistled for Jemima.

"I'm just about starting down to the river to call her," said her mother.

Flanders dropped his deer by the doorway and started rapidly toward the shore.

"The river isn't safe for them!" he called back, "I ran across fresh Indian tracks while I was hunting!"

Flanders, when he reached the river's bank, caught sight on the opposite shore of his empty canoe lying

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with its bow poked into the shore beside a huge boulder. Thinking that the girls had landed, he crossed the stream. When he reached the boat he stopped, panic-stricken. The sand showed clear signs of a struggle. A shred torn from Betsy's dress fluttered from a nearby bush.

"Indians! They've kidnapped the girls!" he cried, running to the stockade.

By the time the fathers of the maidens had assembled a party for the pursuit, night had begun to fall. Light was required in order to distinguish the trail, so the frantic men were forced to wait at the place of the capture until daybreak.

The wily Indians, at the very beginning of their flight, had plunged with their captives into a thick canebrake, and had thus made it almost impossible to trace them. Colonel Calloway, leading a band of horsemen, set off to try to block the Indians, concluding that they would cross Licking River on their way homeward. Daniel and his companions, on foot, followed the almost indistinguishable trail.

Crafty as were the Indians, they had met their match in their prisoners. Boone discovered here and there in the canebrake heavy footprints made by the girls in soft ground. Broken stalks and twigs were also found along the track; and pieces of homespun garments similar to the one that first showed to young Calloway the direction the Indians had taken, hung as signals where there were no other traces of the road.

After traveling thirty miles the pursuers reached a place where the signs told them that the redskins were making for a buffalo-path known to the white men.

"I'm going to take you on a short cut," Daniel told

his friends, "it's my opinion that they're going to camp soon. They've been traveling all night and they think now they're safe from pursuit. I'll bring you close to the spot I think they'll stop at, but be mighty careful—those devils will kill the girls if they find we're near them!"

The new route covered ten miles and then Boone, with uncanny craft, again picked up the trail. Cotton shreds still fluttered along it. It heartened the pursuers to find these, for it showed that the girls were still unharmed and apparently but slightly watched. At last Boone, who was some yards in advance of his party, halted. He pointed to the smoke of a campfire curling up from the edge of a canebrake a few hundred yards ahead of them.

The three girls could be seen huddled together at one side of the fire, watching fearfully the movements of their captors, who, for the present, were busy preparing a meal. To facilitate the cooking, the red men had laid aside their firearms. Creeping closer, and selecting their targets with care, the white men fired. Then, without waiting to note the results of their shooting, they rushed between the girls and the savages.

The unharmed Indians fled without their weapons, leaving behind even their tomahawks. Those that were wounded managed to plunge into the canebrake. So overjoyed were the settlers at recovering the girls, and so anxious to relieve the fears of the frantic mothers, that they turned at once homeward, abandoning with reluctance further punishment of the redskins.

Betsy, who was several years older than the other two girls, came home upon the arm of Holder, her lover, whose devotion indicated that he feared every

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bush concealed an Indian waiting to snatch his sweetheart from him again. Flanders walked beside Jemima Boone.

"You need a protector as much as my sister Betsy does," he told her, "Mother's soon going to have a son-in-law; she won't mind if she loses me!"

He looked at Jemima with eyes full of meaning.

The girl was tired and drooping. It was no time for a courtship. Yet she smiled pluckily as a snatch of one of her mother's songs came to her lips:—

"My love is but a lassie yet!" she hummed, with a toss of her head.

## CHAPTER XVI

### "THE HAIR-BUYER"

**W**HEN the American colonists began their war for independence, Colonel Henry Hamilton, the British lieutenant-governor of the northwestern region, stationed at Detroit, received orders to reinforce his white troops by enlisting the savages of the northwest in his warfare against the Americans.

In England, Lord Chatham and other great statesmen were protesting against this policy, and reminding their countrymen that the colonists were their brothers in spite of the distance that separated them. Hamilton, however, was a soldier and took his orders from soldiers. War was on and his superiors expected him to drive the Americans back to the seacoast. It mattered little to him that Lord North, the Prime Minister, had not the vision or the heart of Chatham. He did not allow himself to be influenced by the fact that General Howe, on the Atlantic Coast, was pressing his attack reluctantly. He cared nothing for the fact that a king sat on the throne of Britain whose antecedents and way of thinking were different from that of men who had wrung the Magna Charta from King John. His orders were plain:—to use every available means to crush the Americans. If he did not carry them out he would be disgraced. Therefore, he reasoned, the more Indian tribes he could rally against the Americans, the better.



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Colonel Hamilton, with a large number of his countrymen, held that Canada was the key to the Ohio country, and that rich lands below the great lakes and west of the mountains were to be kept free of rebel colonists. The English Colonial Secretary had proclaimed that the Americans should for another century be confined to the Atlantic slope. By a royal proclamation and a treaty called the Quebec Act, the latter had been forbidden to enter on the Indians' hunting-grounds. Hamilton, loyal to what he considered to be his duty, meant to do the will of his rulers. To aid him he sent a call to those tribes whose villages lay between Canada and the Kentuckians:—the Shawnees, Wyandots and Delawares, who in turn could summon to their assistance the most venturous braves of the neighboring Chippewas, Winnebagos, Sacs and Foxes.

Detroit had become an important military and trading post. Cadillac, the French soldier-explorer who with fifty warriors and fifty Canadian traders and artisans had founded it in 1701, builded better than he dreamed. The founder had described with a poetical pen "the living and crystal waters" of the upper lakes, "which are so many seas of sweet water!" he had written no less enthusiastically of the wild orchards that "soften and bend their branches under the weight and quantity of their fruit," and of how "the ambitious vine, which has never wept under the pruning knife, builds a thick roof with its large leaves and heavy clusters, weighing down the top of the tree which receives it, and often stifling it with its embrace."

His enthusiasm was well-founded. Fish and game abounded in these waters and forests. The site of Detroit, besides commanding the lakes and providing a

passage to the ocean, was of still more value because it dominated the Ohio region, which teemed with natural wealth.

In 1750, fretting at the backwardness of the French Government in developing the settlement, Jonquiere, its governor-general, had written to his superior, “Throughout the whole interior of Canada it is the best adapted for a town, where all the trade of the lakes would concentrate; were it provided with a good garrison and surrounded by a goodly number of settlements, it would be enabled to overawe almost all the Indians of the continent.”

In 1760 the flag that bore the “fleur-de-lis” of France had come down and the banner of Britain had been lifted. The transfer was made peacefully. Few of the French residents left. Card-playing, dancing and feasting went on.

The British, when the French surrendered the post to them, were almost as tardy in developing it. Their war with the Indian chief hindered its expansion. Its soldiers remained idle except when hostile Indians threatened; the governor had little to do; the town made slow advance.

Surrounding the residences and storehouses of the merchants and the huts of the French habitants, situated in the center of the town, were the orchards and fields of the small farmers.

In the streets lounged the citizens in their gaily-colored blanket suits; wood rangers in deerskin hunting shirts, leggins and fur caps; Indians who had become weak and shiftless through contact with the town life of the white men; sailors from ports along the lakes; and scarlet-coated British regulars who cursed this wil-

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derness to which by taking the "King's shilling" they had sentenced themselves.

The British, in spite of their slowness, were proving themselves to be better colonizers than the French. The former occupied themselves with extending the town and in establishing a government and creating a political life similar to that they had left behind in England. The French concerned themselves chiefly in the fur trade. The spirit of the *coureurs des bois* and *voyageurs* permeated the entire French people. They devoted themselves to the fur trade, adopted the wilderness mode of living, and made little effort to build and govern cities.

The Indian allies of the British had assembled under a huge oak tree in the boundaries of Detroit. Gifts and rum were freely distributed to them. There was, for one present, a lavish amount of war paint. One of the items found in Colonel Harrison's accounts showed that he had distributed to the savages on an occasion "eighty pounds of rose-pink and five hundred pounds of vermilion."

Hamilton addressed to the Indians a fierce, eloquent speech that heaped upon the American colonists all the wrongs that had been done to the redskins by white men of all nationalities.

Half King, chief of the Wyandots, was the first to respond. "The Long Knives have driven the Indians from their hunting-grounds, and now the great chief across the waters has willed that the Indians shall take back their own!"

"No, brothers," cried an old Delaware chief, "we can not fight beside the redcoats, who have been our chief

enemies. If we take the war-path at all, let it be as allies to the ‘buckskins’!”

On hearing this rebellious speech, the British leader ordered more “firewater” to be passed, and at last the chieftains of the various tribes succumbed to the influences of the spirits and the oratory. Gory tomahawk belts were passed around among them as tokens of their intention to slaughter the white settlers.

“Our object,” Hamilton told his white and red lieutenants, “is to restore British authority over western New York, Pennsylvania and Virginia. This can only be done by destroying the western outposts of the rebels. Since we are going to employ the Indians in these attacks, we must let them work in their own savage ways. Some of the Continental leaders have offered a bounty to their Indian allies for the scalp of British soldiers. I shall do likewise. But I shall offer a larger reward for prisoners brought to me alive and well.”

It was this speech, noised about among the Americans, that earned for Hamilton the gruesome title, “The Hair-buyer.”

The British leader did not lack for able assistants, chief among whom were the notorious brothers, Elliot, Simon and James Girty. There was also McKee, an Indian agent in the employ of Britain who, along with the Girty brothers, had been imprisoned by the Americans at the beginning of the Revolutionary War. These men had escaped and made their way to Detroit. McKee was somewhat above the level of the Girtys and was regarded as an efficient commander of white and Indian troops. As for the Girtys, the crimes and cruelties they

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had committed had aroused the disgust of the British regulars, who knew that the renegades had made war not only on peaceful white men, but also on women and children who had had no part in bringing on the conflict. The brothers had attached themselves to the Shawnee tribe, and dressed, painted and fought like savages.

Simon Girty's hatred of the white men arose from a wrong done him when he was acting as a scout in Lord Dunmore's war. He and a comrade had served for several months without drawing pay. One day they called on their commander, General Lewis, and demanded the money due them. For some reason he refused. Girty and his comrade protested loudly, whereupon General Lewis seized his cane and dealt each several severe blows.

"By G—, sir, your quarters shall swim in blood for this!" cried Girty. An effort was made to seize him but he darted into the forest, beyond pursuit. He then made his way to the camp of the Indian chief Cornstalk; forswore his white nature, and pledged himself to fight with the red men against the race he had renounced. He fought with the tribe in the bloody Battle of the Point, and when the Indians retreated went with them into Ohio, where he joined the Wyandot tribe. He was strong, active, daring and resourceful and took a leading part in their attacks on frontier settlements.

His few good traits were overwhelmed by his evil ones. True, when Simon Kenton fell into the hands of the Wyandots, Girty remembered a kindness the prisoner had done to him while he was at Fort Pitt, and pleaded so eloquently for Kenton that the latter was

released from the stake and sent unharmed to Detroit. But on the other hand, when Colonel William Crawford, an officer of the Continental Army, was taken captive by the same tribe and tied to the stake, Girty, with inhuman hardness watched his burning, according to the testimony of Dr. Knight, a fellow-prisoner who escaped.

“Girty! Girty! shoot me through the heart!” cried the tortured officer.

“Don’t you see I have no gun, Colonel!” the renegade jeered, walking away.

It was this wretch who now led the savages against the Kentuckians. Under the name of the Detroit Rangers, marching away to the sound of fife and drum, these white and red savages, plentifully supplied with rifles and ammunition, surprised and burnt block-houses and cabins; killed and scalped white settlers as they went about their peaceful pursuits; slew the women and children too weak to be carried off as prisoners; and made slaves of those women and young ones who could bear up under the trying journey to the Indian villages.

## CHAPTER XVII

### BOONE BECOMES AN INDIAN

FLANDERS CALLOWAY and Jemima Boone, as they strolled, an engaged couple, beside the Kentucky River, met Arnold. He hurriedly hid in his pocket a notebook; hesitated as if at a loss what to say, and then remarked with a sickly grin:

"I remember as if it was yesterday how Mistress Jemima's father and mother went arm in arm along the Yadkin in their courting days!"

He passed on grinning. Jemima looked after him with flashing eyes. "How dare he hint that we're courting!" she scolded.

"Well, aren't we?" the matter-of-fact Flanders returned.

Jemima blushed. "I wonder if he remembers," she said, "the day mother rapped his knuckles and father knocked him down!"

She told Flanders the story as she had heard it from her mother. "I've always thought," she concluded, "that he bears a grudge against our family still."

"He's a mystery," said Flanders. "I came across him one day in the woods making a map. I stole up behind him before he knew I was near and I am sure it was a sketch of our stockade and of the land around it. He folded it up quickly and told me that he was surveying ground he intended to buy."

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"They suspected him of being a spy for France when he was a young man," mused Jemima. "When father comes home from the salt-making, tell him what you saw. We may find that Arnold is in the employ of the English!"

Flanders's opportunity to tell these things to Daniel, however, was long delayed. Boone had led a party of men from the settlements to make salt and had met with serious trouble.

The supply of salt the young men had brought from Henderson's storehouse in Powell's Valley had been exhausted. The presence of hostile Indians along the eastward road made it unsafe to send them back for more supplies. Yet salt must be obtained. If the people were unable to preserve the meat the hunters brought in, or the fish they caught in the river, the winter would bring famine.

The inventiveness of the backwoodsmen helped to supply their need. The men carried kettles to salt licks nearby and filled them with salt water. The women then boiled this water and after it had evaporated, gathered the salt that was left in the kettles. Yet, the kettles were small and for all their labors only a small supply was obtained.

Henderson's partners in North Carolina had sent out two expert salt-makers with a quantity of large kettles made especially for boiling down salt. They reached Boonesborough at the beginning of winter. At once Boone assembled thirty-two men, including the two salt-makers, and led them to Lower Blue Lick Spring, which lay about fifty miles to the north.

Here, in January, 1778, they camped and began making salt. When a supply large enough for ship-



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ment was gathered, a train of pack-horses conveyed it to one of the settlements. Returning, the train would bring parched corn and other foods to relieve the meat diet of the men.

The task was a long and tedious one. To secure a bushel of salt it was necessary to evaporate over five hundred gallons of salt water. Some of the men attended to the fires; others drew water; others boiled the water and gathered up the salt; others kept guard or hunted.

Daniel, being the most expert hunter, was chief of those who kept the camp supplied with meat. He left camp at daybreak, returning each evening with whatever game he had killed. When he slew more than he could carry a packhorse was sent out from the camp to carry the rest.

No fresh tracks of Indians had been seen in the vicinity of the salt licks; he had therefore grown a trifle less vigilant. Thus he was caught off guard when, a month after he had begun his hunting, four Shawnees in war paint met him in a snow-storm as he was leading his horse back to camp with a load of buffalo meat and beaver skins.

He dropped the reins of his horse and fled, using all the woodcraft he knew in his efforts to escape. The young Shawnee braves were swifter and at last overtook him. He saw that they were part of a large war party; that if he killed any of their number he would pay for it with his own life; so, with his usual resourcefulness, he turned suddenly on his pursuers with hands upthrown, addressing them in their own tongue.

With exultant grins they bound his hands and led him to their camp. It was from this tribe that Boone

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and Stewart had escaped eight years before, and some of the braves, when they saw him enter their camp a captive, at once recognized him. Black Fish, their chief, who had heard many tales of Boone's prowess, was overjoyed.

Daniel, who understood the ways of the Shawnees as well as any white trader, faced the braves with a fearlessness and good humor that commanded their admiration.

A negro named Pompey, who had cast in his lot with the Shawnees, was called upon by Black Fish to act as interpreter.

"Brother!" Black Fish saluted him.

"How, great chief and brother!" Boone returned.

"We expected to find you in your fort at Boonesborough," Black Fish exulted, "but you have saved us the trouble of capturing you there!"

Daniel hid the alarm he felt at this indication that the Shawnees were on the way to attack Boonesborough. He knew that with the garrison weakened by the absence of the thirty-two salt-makers, the stockade would hardly be able to repel this large force of savages. He thought of his family and of the families of other men. His reply to Black Fish, however, was directly contrary to what he thought.

"The settlers of Boonesborough have been reinforced by a strong party of men from the East!" he said. "They no longer need the rifle of Boone to protect them against those who would work them harm!"

"My braves have reported no reinforcements arriving at your fort!" retorted Black Fish, "instead they tell me that the garrison had been weakened."

Motioning to his band, Black Fish withdrew for a con-

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ference. Boone concluded that the Shawnees knew of their proximity to the salt-makers, and expected that on the morrow the latter would be attacked. What he heard pass between his guards made him sure that his comrades would soon fall before a surprise attack. He spent a sleepless night, lamenting that while he was powerless to escape, both the men of the salt camp and the people at the fort were in danger of slaughter.

An idea came to him. He rejected it at first, but it came again. His sense of duty told him that the course to pursue was the one which would help the greatest number and save the women and children. He knew that "Hair-buyer" Harrison had offered twenty pounds for each American prisoner delivered to him alive. He reasoned that the Indians were greedy for money. The present band did not seem to be blood-thirsty; it was possible that by appealing to their love of gold he could save the lives of the salt-makers and the garrison. But the salt-makers would have to surrender to the Shawnees—there was the rub.

For himself, he reasoned, he would rather endure captivity, with the ever-present chances it brought of escape, than to have women and children, even if they were not his own, slain or maltreated by savages. He thought his companions would too.

The next morning, seeing preparations being made for a movement toward the salt licks, he proposed to Black Fish through Pompey that he be allowed to approach his comrades and propose to them that they surrender to the Indians.

"If you spare their lives and treat them well," he told the chief, "the white men will be worth six hundred pounds to your tribe."

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The eyes of Black Fish glittered covetously. After consulting with his warriors, he agreed to spare the lives of the white men and to treat them with kindness if they would peacefully surrender.

Arriving at the salt licks, Boone, under cover of the guns of the Shawnees, stood out and shouted to the men the terms of surrender. There were twenty-seven men in camp, the others having gone hunting. They had been taken by surprise and were surrounded by the guns of the Shawnees before Boone called to them. Realizing the hopelessness of their situation, and assured by the promises Black Fish made through Boone, they yielded.

When they surrendered their weapons, some of the younger Shawnees rebelled against the plan of their chief to spare the lives of the prisoners. The younger white men had not submitted to captivity without a show of resentment, and this had aroused the anger of certain hot-blooded braves.

Again Black Fish called a council. The settlers awaited the outcome as calmly as they could, resolved if the chief broke his pledge to sell their lives as dearly as possible. At last Daniel, through Pompey, made an impassioned address to the warriors, reminding them that they had agreed to treat his brothers with mercy.

"Is the word of a Shawnee not to be depended upon?" he demanded.

This appeal turned the tide. Black Fish explained that the white men would be worth much gold to his people if delivered alive in Detroit, while the bounty for dead men's scalps was very small; he also said that he could use some of the white men as scouts and aids in attacks on the settlements. The older Indians grunted

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approval, and the younger warriors ceased their protests.

The supplies of the prisoners were loaded on their horses. The salt was poured back into the water. The march to the village of the Shawnees was begun. As every step took the Shawnees away from Boonesborough, Daniel began to feel that the wisdom of his act in persuading his comrades to surrender was being vindicated. Most of his comrades, disconsolate as they felt, agreed with him.

For several days the captors and prisoners traveled against biting winds or driving snow. The trail, covered by snowdrifts, was hard to keep. At last they reached the Ohio River. Here the Indians uncovered a raft made of buffalo hides, and, by making several trips, carried their prisoners across without mishap. The river crossed, they came to a buffalo trace leading to Chillicothe, their principal village, located on the Little Miami River.

A motley crowd of Indians—old men, squaws and children, to say nothing of dogs—emerged out of the huts and wigwams. Boone greeted them with a smile and warned his companions to take their gibes in good humor. The captives were distributed about in the foul and smoky wigwams. The Shawnees gave them the same food that they themselves ate:—beans, hominy, pumpkins, corn and meat, cooked at one time in the same kettle.

Some of the huts were tunnel-like buildings made of bark propped up by stones, and daubed on the outside with mud. In width they ranged from fifteen to twenty feet; their length was sometimes a hundred feet. They were heated by fires about thirty feet apart, the

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smoke of which escaped through holes in the roof. When it rained or snowed it was necessary to put out the fires to save themselves from being choked and blinded by the smoke.

The Indians, it developed, did not consider that they had wronged a guest by stealing from him. The latter, to their way of thinking, committed a far greater offense by discovering the theft.

The white men, under Boone's guidance, exerted themselves to please their captors. The Shawnees thereupon began to treat them more as visitors than as prisoners. Boone and some of the most expert white hunters were taken on hunting trips, and invited to share in shooting matches. The white men took care not to make the red men jealous of their skill with the rifle.

As friendly relations developed farther, the white men were invited to join in the tribal dances. One musically-inclined Indian would beat with a club on a skin stretched over the head of a cask. Another red-skin shook vigorously a gourd filled with grains of corn. These two formed the entire orchestra.

The friendliness of the Shawnees grew still warmer. Boone was startled one day to hear Pompey propose, on behalf of Black Fish, that he and certain other active, likeable members of his party be adopted into the tribe. A refusal, Boone knew, would enrage the savages and possibly lead them to kill or injure them, so he agreed and bade his friends do likewise.

The first process of adoption was a painful one. The hair of each man was pulled out, leaving only a lock on the crown. This wisp was ornamented with ribbons. Each man then went through the ceremony of having his

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white blood washed out of him by a plunge into the icy waters of the river. Then his head and face were painted, and a feast spread before him.

Boone emerged from this painful initiation with the Shawnee name of Sheltowee, meaning "Big Turtle." He entered into the ceremony with such apparent eagerness that he won the heart of Black Fish.

"My son!" the chief grunted, slapping him on the back.

Such of the white men as proved unruly were subjected to the usual Indian punishments—whipping with switches and running the gauntlet.

At last, in March, to the relief of the white men, Black Fish announced that the weather was warm enough to proceed to Detroit.

Boone had never lost sight of his purpose, by hook or crook, to find his way back to those who loved him and looked to him for protection in Boonesbrough.

Therefore, when he stood before Governor Hamilton, he took care to do nothing to arouse the antagonism of the governor. His tactics were quite the other way.

"I have become a member of the Shawnee Tribe," he said simply, seeing the eyes of his Indian father fastened keenly upon him, "but before that happened I was a captain in the British forces under Lord Dunmore." He opened a small leather bag that hung around his neck and showed Hamilton his commission as captain in the British Army during Lord Dunmore's war. "I have promised my foster-father to bring about the surrender of Boonesborough in the Spring."

Hamilton, as he discussed with Daniel the contemplated attacks on the Kentucky settlements, referred to a crude map of the locations. Boone was surprised to

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observe that the map showed recent developments in Transylvania. "It looks like there's a spy in Boonesborough, or some of the other settlements," he said to himself.

"I have heard much about you," said the British leader. "You would be valuable to me in my operations." He turned to Black Fish. "I will pay you one hundred pounds as a ransom for this man."

Black Fish reflected. His ambition was to lead the forces that would overthrow Boonesborough and the other settlements. He had dreams of plunder and rewards that were far in excess of Hamilton's present offer. He believed he could use his white prisoners as instruments to bring him loot. Besides, after he had used him in his attack on the Kentucky settlements, he could surrender Boone and claim the reward.

He shook his head. "I have washed the white blood out of my son, and have come to love him. I cannot sell him!" Other white men were delivered up—but Boone remained with the Shawnees.

The Governor did not press the matter. He reasoned that since Black Fish was his ally and intended to use Boone as a guide in his attacks, he would gain almost as much by letting him remain in the chief's possession.

To strengthen the supposed loyalty of Boone to the British cause, Harrison gave him a pony with saddle, bridle and blanket, and presented him with silver trinkets that could be used as money among the Shawnees.

When Black Fish led his party back to Chillicothe, Boone found that several hundred Mingos, Delawares and Shawnees had assembled there with the intention of taking the war trail against Boonesborough.

Black Fish introduced Boone to them as his son, "Big



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Turtle." The white man sat in council with the braves, and learned the full details of their plan.

One morning Boone arose early and went out on a hunt. In the woods he had hidden a scanty store of ammunition and provisions. When he left the camp he carried only his rifle, and there was nothing in his manner to arouse the suspicions of his 'brothers.' When evening came without his return, they did not attribute his absence to an attempt to escape, and by the time they set out to search for him he had gained a long lead.

He used every device known to the experienced backwoodsman to hide his trail. He sprang from tree to tree; waded in streams; and crossed rivers. When he decided that he was far enough away from Chillicothe to discontinue such precautions, he set off over the one hundred and sixty miles to Boonesborough without stopping to kill game and with few halts for rest. Traveling over thirty miles a day, he reached Boonesborough in less than five days.

Utterly exhausted, he dragged himself into the stockade. The settlers stared at him as if he were a ghost.

Jemima rushed into his arms. "Where are the others?" he asked, looking around for his family.

"Mother and the rest gave you up for dead and have gone back East!"

"You stayed!" he exclaimed.

"Why," she blushed, "I'm not a Boone now! I'm a Calloway! I've married Flanders! But there's a place for you in our cabin!"

Boone turned to the men crowding around him, who were plying him with questions as to how he had escaped, and asking what had become of the other men.

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"The thing to do now is to repair the stockade," he said after he had replied to every question, "five hundred warriors are on their way to attack us!"

The men and women set to work desperately to make the repairs. Meanwhile, Gallegher, one of Boone's fellow-prisoners, who had also made his escape, arrived with the news that the redskins had postponed their attack for three weeks. This breathing space gave the settlers time to restore the stockade; to send to the Holston colonies for reinforcements; and to organize a scouting system that would give Boonesborough and the other settlements ample warning of the approach of the savages.

Traces of Indian scouting parties were found, but still the main body of the redskins delayed.

Although there were only seventy-five men, women, and boys in Boonesborough who could handle guns, Boone now decided on a bold skirmish into the enemy's country with Simon Kenton and nineteen men. His thought was that when the Shawnees saw that the white men could spare a force to take the war-path they would hesitate all the more in beginning their assault. On the first of August they started.

The objective point of the white men was an Indian village on the Scioto. They came to a point five miles from the town. Here they met thirty warriors, marching out of the place to join the forces of Black Fish, then on their way to attack Boonesborough. The settlers surprised and routed the Shawnees, killing one Shawnee and wounding two. The Indians in fleeing, left behind them three horses, as well as plunder they had secured in other raids.

Boone sent two scouts to the Indian village. These

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returned with news that it was empty of men. "That means," Daniel told his comrades, "that they've joined the party of Black Fish. It's a question now whether they or us will arrive first at our town!"

A swift march brought them to Boonesborough before the enemy appeared. Led by Boone, who had now taken his former place as commander, the settlers closed the heavy gates and awaited the arrival of the foe.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### BESIEGED

**A**NTHONY ARNOLD appeared to be overjoyed at the return of Boone. Jemima and Flanders, however, lost little time in telling Daniel of Arnold's suspicious acts, and Daniel, remembering the map he had seen in Governor Hamilton's possession, questioned Arnold with a bluntness that showed the latter plainly that he was suspected of communication with the enemy.

He made a stout denial, and brought forth a manuscript to show that the notes and maps he had been making were to be used in a volume he intended to publish.

"I don't mind telling you," he confided to Boone, "that I am ambitious to be the first historian of Transylvania. I am by nature a student. My adventures in trade are simply for the purpose of sustaining myself while I pursue literature. I do not hold it against you that you should question me in regard to the sketches. It was quite proper. It shows that you are a zealous officer."

So sincere and impressive was he that Daniel begged his pardon very humbly; swore to himself to forget his suspicions; and scolded Jemima and Flanders for leading him into such a situation.

Arnold, Boone observed, had grown in influence. Secretly at first, and then openly, as Henderson's power

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decreased, he had espoused the cause of those who were working against the proprietors. He proclaimed himself a loyal son of Virginia and declaimed against any scheme to set up a separate colony. He had been ambitious to be sent as a representative of the rebels to petition the Virginia legislature, but in this he had been defeated.

The army of Chief Black Fish at last arrived before Boonesborough. De Quindre, a French Canadian officer, in charge of forty Detroit Rangers, acted as the chieftain's lieutenant and adviser. With Black Fish were four hundred warriors from the Mingo, Delaware and Shawnee tribes, under the leadership of their chiefs Black Bird, Black Hoof and Moluntha.

The Indians did not attack immediately. Using every tree and bush around the clearing as shelter, they prepared to make a formal demand of the garrison that it surrender.

A single Shawnee advanced toward the closed gates of the stockade, waving a staff from which fluttered a white rag. "Holloa!" he shouted in good English. "We carry letters from Governor Hamilton to Captain Boone. We desire to present them."

Daniel and his comrades were eager to delay hostilities. Their force was small compared to that of Black Fish. They expected reinforcements from the Holston region of Virginia; if they could postpone the conflict a few days these would probably arrive.

"We agree to a conference with you!" Boone shouted, after consulting with the other white officers. "Your chiefs are to advance unarmed. Our representatives will come forth also without arms. We will meet under the guns of the fort!"

Black Fish, Black Bird, Black Hoof, Moluntha and De Quindre came forth from the forest. As a token of good will they bore an offering of seven roasted buffalo tongues—a rare delicacy to both red and white men. Colonel Calloway, William Bailey Smith and Boone went forth to meet them and receive the letter of Hamilton.

The communication was written in courteous terms and the offer the British governor made was declared to be as much in the interest of the Kentuckians as of his own side. He promised the settlers safe escort to Detroit and called upon them “to surrender the fort in the name of His Britannic Majesty.”

Black Fish, looking at Boone with something akin to attachment in his eyes, pointed to the forty horses his braves had brought along. “Black Fish has mourned the loss of his new son, Big Turtle,” he began. “The Shawnees will welcome their brother back. That the journey of his white relations may be comfortable, these horses have been brought so that old people and mothers with children may ride.”

Boone courteously replied that he would have to call a council of the people of Boonesborough, and proposed a two days’ truce. Time meant little to the Indians and, not suspecting that the settlement was expecting reinforcements, they consented.

A council of the entire people was called as soon as the three representatives returned to the fort. A count was made of the number of men able to fight. There were only fifty of these, against four hundred foemen. Yet their leaders shrewdly reasoned, because the savages had made preparations for removing so many of the white folk to Detroit, that they had over-

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estimated the number of men in the fort. If the settlers, the white leaders reasoned, resisted bravely there was a chance that the Indians would grow discouraged and withdraw. The result of the conference was that the settlers voted unanimously to "defend the fort as long as a man of them lived."

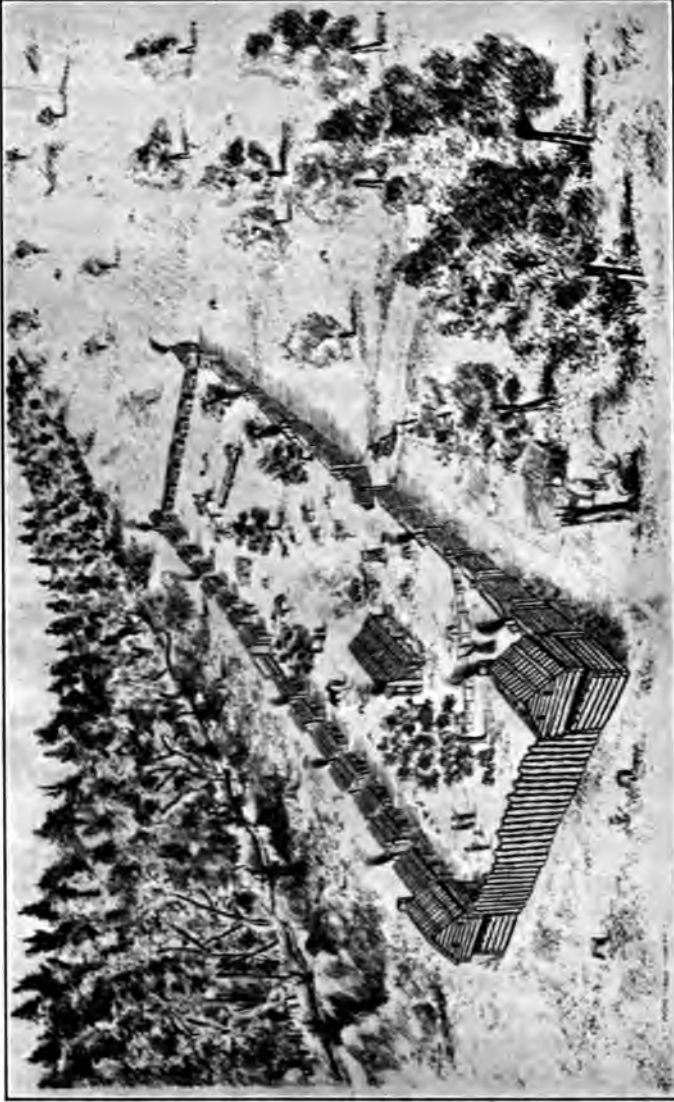
The Indians spent the forty-eight hours of the truce in feasting and dancing. The settlers devoted the precious hours to molding bullets, cleaning rifles, cooking food, bringing in water under cover of darkness from the spring outside the gates, and in making other preparations for the siege. When the truce expired Black Fish, De Quindre and the other chieftains approached the fort under the white flag and demanded the settlers' answer.

Boone appeared in one of the bastions and, looking down serenely on his erstwhile Indian father, announced that the garrison refused to surrender. The reply created consternation among the enemy. They seemed reluctant to attack and willing to concede almost any terms to gain the fort by peaceful means. The influence of De Quindre was strongly against warfare.

"Governor Hamilton," shouted De Quindre, "desires us to avoid bloodshed. If then, all of your people will sign an oath of allegiance to Great Britain, we will withdraw and leave you unmolested!"

The white leaders were suspicious of this proposal, yet they saw another means opening for them to gain time. "At eight o'clock tomorrow morning," Boone replied, "we will send our representatives to confer with you upon this proposition. The place of meeting will be under yonder great elm."

The chieftains agreed. At the appointed hour, under



From "Dixie's Boons," by Reuben G. Trevisates. Courtesy of D. Appleton & Co.

## FORT BOONESBOROUGH





the guns of the fort, Boone and some of the principal men of the settlement went forth. They found De Quindre, Black Fish, Black Bird, Black Hoof and Moluntha awaiting them. Panther skins and deer skins had been spread underneath the elm, the branches of which were high enough to permit those in the fort to see the proceedings. The men smoked, drank, feasted and talked.

Before they separated, the white delegation had agreed to sign on the following day an agreement to raise the British flag above the stockade. It was a promise that hurt each man's conscience, for they did not mean to keep it. Yet, believing that the enemy was plotting treachery against them, they resolved to fight them with their own weapons.

The next morning the conference was resumed under the great elm. Meanwhile, a detachment of Shawnees had hidden themselves by night behind a clump of bushes that grew near the council tree. When the agreement had been signed, Black Fish said:

"Shake! Two braves to each white brother!"

The white men stretched forth their hands and found themselves being dragged toward the bushes, where now they could discover the waving plumes of hiding Indians.

Boone, with a swift, desperate jerk, freed himself. He waved his hat. The watchers in the fort, seeing this pre-arranged signal, sallied forth with rifles ready to fire. Some of the white men in the conference had not extended their hands to the enemy; those who had now followed Boone's example, and all were free. They rushed up the hill toward the swinging gates. Squire Boone and one other settler were slightly wounded by

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the volley the redskins fired, but all reached the stockade alive.

The gates shut in the face of the oncoming foe. The settlers manned the bastions, and met the assault of the onrushing Shawnees with a fire so accurate that the Indians dispersed and took refuge behind bushes and stumps.

A night of dreadful anxiety for the women and children passed. The savages shrieked around the walls. Flaming arrows—terrible threats of the intentions of the foe—flew over the gates and bastions. In successive tides, the Shawnees, Mingos and Delawares stormed the stockade, to break and retreat before the cool, determined fire of the defenders.

The Indians were terrifying figures to the women and children who peeped at them through the portholes. Their faces and bodies were painted black and red; twined in their scalplocks were the feathers of the eagle; their distorted features and frantic movements made them seem to be fiends leaping up from the under regions.

As dawn drew near the attacks ceased, and when day broke there was no sign of the assaulting army.

Daniel shook his head as the cry went up that the foe had abandoned the siege. "Governor Hamilton would shoot them if they gave up after a day's fight. It's a trick—they've marched off a short distance to try to lure us out!"

He was right; the army had only circled the settlement and it was back again in a few hours. Finding that their scheme to surprise the fort had failed, they attacked more savagely than ever.

De Quindre, versed in the rules of white military warfare, planned a methodical siege. From the hills above the fort and from available tree-tops the warriors poured their bullets into the unroofed portions of the stockade. Other braves hurled burning brands upon the roofs and fired at the settlers who stamped out the blazing arrows that found lodging. De Quindre's chief desire was to have the entire army charge in a body, mounting the walls by sheer force of numbers, but he was limited in authority and this method of fighting was contrary to the liking of the Indians. Failing in this attempt, he determined upon a plan of attack well known in European warfare, but that had never been introduced in border warfare. His scheme was to undermine the fort and blow up the walls and garrison.

For nine days the siege continued, and during this time the mine was dug. Its diggers began at the river side, and proceeded toward the side of the fort that faced the stream. There were less sentinels on this side, and the chances were favorable that the work would not be detected. One watcher within the fort, however, saw through a porthole that the water in the river was muddy near the stockade but clear elsewhere. There had been no rain and he was at a loss to account for the muddiness. Boone was not slow in finding a reason when the sentry summoned him.

"They're digging a mine! They mean to blow us sky-high!" he announced. "The mud you see is the fresh-dug earth they have flung into the river! We'll dig a trench under our walls that will run into their mine. When the explosion comes—it'll be in their own ranks!"

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With desperate haste the settlers set to work. They made no attempt to hide the fact that they were working to counteract De Quindre's effort.

"Throw the dirt over the walls of the fort!" Boone commanded. "It'll show them that we know how to check their devilishness!"

"What are you red rascals doing down there!" called one of the sentries in the Shawnee tongue.

"Digging! Blow you all to smash soon! What you do?" came the reply.

"We are digging to meet you and intend to bury your whole army!" returned the defiant sentinel.

The excavation continued until the Indians were close to the walls of the fort. The timid members of the settlement expected to be blown up at any moment, yet there was no thought of surrender. At last a heavy rain came and caused the tunnel of the besiegers to cave in. From this, its greatest danger, the garrison was providentially saved.

The assaults on the walls were resumed, but already Black Fish had lost thirty-seven men and had many more wounded. His provisions were nearly exhausted; his braves had shown their usual impatience of siege warfare. The garrison, on the other hand, whatever its sufferings, had lost only two men and had had only four wounded. It showed no signs of weakening.

At last a morning came when no Indians could be discovered by the weary sentries. Boone sent out scouts, who returned with the news that the Indians had definitely abandoned the siege and were far on the way to their villages.

At another time, when famine threatened all the settlements, Flanders Calloway proved himself a saviour.

Supplies were waiting at a point on the Ohio River. The provisions were to be conveyed by flatboat to the point on the water nearest Boonesborough, and then transported by pack-train to the settlements. Hamilton's agents placed Indians along the river to attack the boats.

"I'd rather travel a hundred miles through the forests than travel ten miles down the Ohio!" said Hoyt, an old guide, to Flanders Calloway, who had been assigned the leadership of the expedition.

"Glance down this stream," the old ranger went on. "You see how near our flatboat will come to that clump of bushes at the bend. The chances are about even that there's a party of murderous Shawnees hiding in them. Beyond the turn there are hills. If the bushes at the bend aren't full of redskins, they're likely to be hiding on those cliffs, waiting to fire at us as we pass under. And so it goes the entire way. It amounts to running the gauntlet without knowing where the blows are coming from."

The young leader glanced down the river. The mist almost veiled it and it seemed to be thickening.

He thought of the women and children who had taken advantage of what they thought to be a good opportunity to join their husbands and fathers in the settlements and had become passengers on the flatboat.

He ordered his men to place the women and children in the center of the boat, surrounded by boxes and sacks containing the stores of the expedition. The current caught the boat and whirled it down past the danger points. The mist held until they were within a few miles of their goal. Then Hoyt, who stood in the bow, sounded an alarm.

"There are canoes of Indians ahead," Flanders told

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his passengers. "Let the women lie face downwards on the floor, with the children between them. You men cover them up with whatever's handy; then get ready to fight."

The women and children obeyed without a whimper. The men crouched around the sides, watching the manoeuvres of the redskins. There were four canoes paddling toward them and each of them was full of Indians, hideously ugly in their war-paint. One canoe remained in the front of the flatboat; another darted to its rear; the other two went to the sides. These positions gained, the savages, at a signal from the chief in the foremost canoe, fired at the flatboat.

"Make every shot count," Hoyt cautioned, "the canoe in the back will likely try to board us. Let them come, but have your knives and pistols ready."

The boat stood higher in the water than the canoes, and the rude stools and tables and boxes that formed its furnishings and cargo provided bulwarks. Two of the crew had received flesh wounds in the Indian's first volley. They squirmed across the deck to the women, who tore their garments to bind the wounds.

The Indians' canoes were overcrowded. It was necessary for them to rise in order to take aim. They afforded splendid marks for the white men. Six redskins had been killed or disabled. Evidently deciding that the battle would be lost unless they came to close quarters, the rear canoe shot suddenly alongside the stern of the flatboat. With whoops that curdled the blood of the women and children, the savages gained the deck.

Leaving the two wounded men to continue the firing, Flanders and the other backwoodsmen met the attack.

The foremost Indians, with upraised tomahawks, went down before the deliberate pistol-fire of the whites. Without waiting to reload the men whipped out their knives and attacked those who were clambering aboard.

The frontiersman, armed with a hunting knife, was more than a match for the average Indian warrior who placed his trust in a tomahawk. Impelled by the thought that if their knives failed their women and children would fall prey to the axes of the savages, the boatmen fought with a ferocity that carried all before it. With skulls broken and bodies hacked and bleeding, the redskins tumbled into the river. The Indians in the other canoes, which had been closing in on the flatboat, suddenly decided that the better method of fighting was by rifles from a distance. The boat's defenders returned to their bulwarks and resumed firing. Their unceasing fire gradually wore down the redskins' fighting spirit. As the current carried the flatboat into the center of the stream the canoes fell back and drew toward the shore.

Out came the women, pale-faced but self-contained. Out came the girls and boys to gaze with hero-worship on the men who had saved them.

"Yes sir," said the old guide to Flanders, "I'd rather travel a thousand miles through the forests than travel ten miles down the Ohio!"

"Amen!" said Flanders.

Jemima came proudly to greet him when he returned, and Daniel patted him affectionately.

"You've won your spurs. I didn't think you'd find savages in force along the shores," said Boone.

"Maybe," said Flanders, glancing straight at the observant Arnold, "some spy sent them word."



## CHAPTER XIX

### ACCUSED

NEWS of a conspiracy to injure Daniel Boone, his father-in-law, had reached Flanders Calloway. Jemima stormed when she heard of the plot, and insisted that Flanders warn her father. The son-in-law was reluctant to hurt Boone with the tidings, but one evening, as Daniel sat before the fireside, he brought up the subject.

"Remember what Jemima and I told you about Anthony Arnold?" he began in a roundabout fashion.

"Yes," said Daniel, "but I've been ashamed of myself ever since for listening to you. I watched him during the siege and he fought the red rascals as hard as any of us!"

"Are you sure he wasn't shooting in the air?" asked Jemima, who clung to her suspicions.

"I was fearful that if he was a spy," Daniel went on, "he would try to open the gates for the Indians. As a matter of fact he never went near them."

"He knew we were watching him!" growled Flanders. "I remember he tried hard enough to get us to agree to run up the British flag! And when you chose him to go out with our party to talk over matters with Black Fish, I saw him talking to De Quindre on the side."

"As for the first item," Daniel replied, "he voted with

us at last not to surrender the fort. As for the second item, I came close to him when he was talking to De Quindre and I'm blest if he wasn't saying something about the lit'rary merits of the American Declaration of Independence!"

"He's a clever scoundrel!" exclaimed Jemima!

Again her father rebuked her.

"You don't know what Flanders knows!" said Jemima. She turned to her husband. "Tell him," she pleaded.

"Arnold was at our house last evening," Flanders began, "he wanted my father to have you court-martialed, Daniel! He's been whispering charges against you all through the settlement. I guess he turned against you when you questioned him about that map."

"Court-martialed for what?" demanded Daniel.

"'Treason' and 'disloyalty' are the words he used. He said you shouldn't have surrendered the men whom you took out to make salt; that you weakened the garrison after you came back by taking men off scouting; and more things like that!"

"Treason and disloyalty!" clucked Jemima. "Where would this garrison be now if it weren't for father!"

"I *want* a trial if that sort of talk is going around!" said Boone.

The court-martial was held, and Flanders's own father preferred the formal charges. When Boone had been taken captive by the Shawnees, the command of the garrison had passed to Colonel Calloway, although another settler, William Bailey Smith, disputed the rights of Calloway to fill the position. Daniel, when he resumed command of the garrison on his return, had of course, displaced Calloway and thwarted the

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ambitions of Smith. This had caused some friction between the leaders and their supporters, and it was this situation that men like Arnold were turning to their advantage. Calloway, in preferring the charges, and by demanding that he forfeit his commission in the militia of Kentucky County if the charges were proved, said that he was acting for the purpose of clearing Boone's name. It was thus that Daniel, Jemima and Flanders regarded his act, though Daniel's many friends cried out that jealousy was behind the prosecution. Whatever the motive, the accusations gave Daniel's friends the chance to show their affection for him and their appreciation of his masterly defense of the stockade.

The trial was held at Logan's Fort. The scene was a picturesque one. Facing his judges and accusers stood the pioneer, hurt to the core by the charges, yet meeting the court with a dignity and serenity that in themselves went a long way to convincing his judges that he was guiltless. The accusations as read before the assembly were:

"1. That Boone had taken out twenty-six men (the men who escaped were not taken into account) to make salt at the Blue Licks, and the Indians had caught him trapping for beaver ten miles below on Licking, and he voluntarily surrendered his men at the Licks to the enemy.

"2. That while a prisoner, he engaged with Governor Hamilton to surrender the people of Boonesborough to be removed to Detroit and live under British protection and jurisdiction.

"3. That returning from captivity, he encouraged a party of men to accompany him to Paint Lick Town, weakening the garrison at a time when the arrival of an Indian army was daily expected to attack the fort.

"4. That preceding the attack on Boonesborough, he was willing to take the officers of the fort, on pretence of making peace, to the Indian camp, beyond the protection of the guns of the garrison."

Thronging the place of trial were hundreds of back-woodsmen:—rangers, hunters and artisans who had fought and hunted and worked with Boone and knew that he was true. Women and children whom Daniel had rescued from horrible fates at the hands of savages flashed indignant glances at his accusers and sympathetic ones at Daniel. Boys who looked upon Boone as the highest type of hero climbed above the heads of the crowd to wave their coon-skin caps encouragingly to him. Flanders and Jemima sat beside him, the example of Flanders doing much to overcome any influence that the presence of his father on the opposing side might throw against Daniel.

The pioneer's defence was straightforward and heartfelt. It was true that he had advised the salt-makers to surrender and that he had conferred with Governor Hamilton as to the surrender of Boonesborough, but in the end he had managed to warn and save the settlements by such strategy.

It was true that he had led a party of men to Paint Lick Town, but the expedition was necessary for scouting purposes and had resulted in good rather than in harm.

It was also true that he had led his comrades out of the fort to confer with Black Fish and his allies, but it had been done to postpone the attack, and many precious hours had been saved by such tactics. His own brother had been wounded in this adventure and

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he himself had risked his life to an equal extent with any other man in the garrison.

His words carried conviction. The judges voted unanimously to acquit him. Those in authority immediately promoted him to the rank of major. The trial became a triumph. A band of indignant men went in search of Arnold, determined to make him at least apologize to Boone. This he did very willingly. "I heard murmurs," he explained, "and felt that for the sake of the community the complaints should be aired. I'm glad you came off so well!"

Boone had found that many changes had taken place while he was in captivity. Richard Henderson's grand schemes, he learned, had collapsed. The men in the various settlements had rebelled against his company, and this resistance had influenced the government of Virginia to act against the proprietors.

"You couldn't expect anything else," Calloway told Boone. "These people came west to escape taxation and excessive costs. Of course they were mad when they found the proprietors here increasing the price of the land, reserving for themselves thousands upon thousands of the choicest acres, selling supplies from the company's stores at unreasonably high prices, paying poor wages to the men they hire, and failing to carry out their promises to protect settlers against Indian attacks!"

Daniel learned that the overthrow had come about after the Transylvania Legislature had appointed Henderson and Luttrell as delegates to the Continental Congress at Philadelphia, with instructions to ask that Transylvania be recognized as the fourteenth colony. In the absence of the delegates the men of Harrods-

burg had uprisen and sent George Rogers Clark and John Gabriel Jones as delegates to the Virginia Convention, asking that the claims of Henderson be not recognized. This act had resulted in a contest between Clark and Henderson before the Virginia Convention, to which Henderson had come to secure assent to his plan to petition the Continental Congress.

Virginia refused to acknowledge the claims of the Transylvania Company, and instead declared the land to be a part of the commonwealth. It was thereupon named the County of Kentucky, and officers were appointed to administer its affairs.

Henderson had lost. Yet, because of the great expense his company had incurred in securing what it deemed a true title to the lands, he and his associates were granted by the Virginia legislature two hundred thousand acres of land between the Ohio and Green Rivers.

Daniel was rejoiced to learn that he himself had emerged from the dispute over the ownership of the new territory well rewarded. The passing proprietors of Transylvania, after the Virginia legislature had granted them land elsewhere, had passed a resolution, a copy of which was now placed in Boone's hands. True, the recompense was outside of Transylvania, and time was to steal away all of the rewards set forth in the paper, yet there was a deep present satisfaction for Daniel in being able to read to his family these words:

“Resolved, that a present of two thousand acres of land be made to Colonel Daniel Boone, with the thanks of the Proprietors, for the signal services he has rendered to the Company.”

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Henderson thus passes out of our story. He was a bold, brilliant, resourceful man who was the product of his times. He staked his career on one of the most ambitious schemes an American ever projected, and came indeed close to being recognized by history as the founder of the "fourteenth colony."

Boone now turned his thoughts toward a reunion with his family. Jemima was urging him to go East and bring back her mother. Soldiers had arrived from the east to guard the Kentucky stations during the approaching winter, and Daniel's services could be spared for a few months. He began to make preparations for the journey, devoting some time to replenishing the stores of his cabin, so that Rebecca would find a full larder when she returned.

He had built a shed close to his cabin, which he used for drying tobacco, which had already become a Kentucky crop. One morning, while thus occupied, he heard a grunt behind him. Four Shawnees in war paint had stolen out of the forest near by and now stood with the muzzle of their guns pointed straight at him. He himself was unarmed except for his hunting-knife, and if he moved his hand in its direction he might draw their fire. He recognized them as belonging to the tribe of Black Fish.

"Now Boone, we got you; you no get away any more. We carry you off to Chillicothe, this time sure. You no cheat us any more, Boone!"

The redskin who thus spoke in broken English advanced as if to lay hold on Boone. The latter stood on a platform, and could look down into the faces of his assailants. "Hold on," Daniel temporized, "if

you're going to take me to your chief, let me gather up some presents for him and you."

The Shawnee's eyes glazed covetously. Boone's tongue ran on, naming certain articles he meant to offer. As he talked he picked up handfuls of tobacco dust from the shelf at which he worked and with a sudden sweep of his hands threw the dust into the faces of his captors. Blinded and sputtering, the Shawnees lowered their guns. Daniel leaped past them out of the shed, running toward the stockade to sound an alarm. Realizing that they would be dead men if they lingered, the savages went stumbling into the forest and escaped.

Fresh from this adventure, Boone went back to the Yadkin. No news of his return to Boonesborough had reached Rebecca. She stood staring as if at a ghost when he appeared in the doorway of her cabin.

He chuckled, and she ran to him. No ghost could laugh like that.

When again he set out for Boonesborough with his family, he became the leader of a new party of emigrants. Among those he influenced in this year to hazard his fortunes was Abraham Lincoln, then a resident of Rockingham County, Virginia, the grandfather of President Abraham Lincoln.

Spring came again to Boonesborough, after a winter in which the rifles of men like Boone and Harrod saved the settlers from famine. Then, as soon as the road eastward became passable, Daniel found himself chosen for an important mission.

When the title of the Transylvania Company had been declared void by the Virginia legislature, it became necessary for those to whom land had been assigned to purchase new deeds. Nathaniel and Thomas



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Hart, two prominent and respected settlers, appointed Boone their agent in this matter, and other men who did not relish the trip east did likewise. Daniel was entrusted by those he represented with \$20,000 in paper money.

Several months after his departure there came a party of settlers from eastern Virginia who bore a distressing tale to Boone's clients. One morning he had awakened in his camp in the wilderness to find that his money had disappeared. He had been unable to trace the thieves.

Arnold licked his lips when he heard the story.

"Didn't I tell you something like that would happen!" he said to men whom he knew were not close to Boone. "What kind of a hero is this who can save settlements and yet can't prevent Indians or white robbers from taking the money other folks have entrusted to him! Lost it, eh? It looks strange to me!"

The rumors spread until they reached the ears of Captain Nathaniel Hart. Both of the brothers had known Daniel for many years. They were not slow in coming to his defence. Nathaniel made public this letter which his brother Thomas had written him:

"I observe what you say regarding our losses by Daniel Boone. I had heard of the misfortune soon after it happened, but not of my being partaker (in the losses) before now. I feel for the poor people, who perhaps, are to lose even their pre-emptions: but I must say, I feel more for Boone, whose character, I am told, suffers by it. Much degenerated must the people of this age be, when amongst them are to be found men to censure and blast the reputation of a person so just and upright, and in whose breast is

a seat of virtue too pure to admit a thought so base and dishonorable. I have known Boone in times of old, when poverty and distress held him fast by the hand; and in these wretched circumstances, I have ever found him a noble and generous soul, despising everything mean; and therefore I will fully grant him a discharge for whatever sums of mine he might have possessed at the time."

Flanders Calloway, having traced the whispers of suspicion to Arnold, sought him out.

"I believe that if the men who robbed Daniel Boone are caught, they will confess that you set them on to it," he said. "It's been remarked how some cronies of yours disappeared the day after Boone took the trail east! Keep your evil tongue off Daniel if you want to save that greasy hide of yours!"

Sympathy for Daniel hushed the murmurs of suspicion. The opinion of the country at large was shown when the Virginia government granted him, to compensate for his own severe losses, a thousand acres of land in a Kentucky location that later became Bourbon County. The gift was of little value to him then, in view of the unsettled condition of the country, but it served to show his enemies that public opinion had vindicated him. The losses of those he represented he considered debts that he must liquidate.

## CHAPTER XX

### CAMPAIGNING WITH CLARK

**J**OHN ROGERS CLARK, one of the Harrodsburg delegates who had opposed Henderson before the Virginia Assembly, had returned to Kentucky—a far more important man than when he left.

Patrick Henry, Virginia's fiery governor, who had bestowed on Clark the rank of Colonel in the Virginia militia, authorized him to enlist from among the settlers west of the mountains seven companies, each of fifty men; and granted him out of the funds of the commonwealth twelve hundred pounds. He also gave Clark an order on the officers at Fort Pitt for boats, provisions, guns and ammunition to be used beyond the Cumberlandds in fighting the British.

Clark had become convinced that the British posts, Kaskaskia, Vincennes and Detroit—strongholds from which regulars and savages were pouring forth to wage war on the settlements—must be taken by the Americans. He was eager to lead an army against them. It was this scheme that he broached to Patrick Henry and other Revolutionary leaders, and, though they thought it a foolhardy attempt, they granted him the authority he requested. None of Washington's troops could be spared for the campaign, Clark was informed, but Patrick Henry promised to use his influence to have Virginia grant to each soldier he recruited three hundred

acres of the land Clark's men wrested from the British.

It was publicly announced that Clark and his troops were to go to the relief of Kentucky. He was given, however, secret orders to attack the British posts in the Illinois regions.

At Fort Pitt, Clarke gathered about one hundred and fifty frontiersmen and started with them down the Ohio on flatboats, bound for the falls of the Ohio, from which point he intended to march against the British posts, which lay to the west. Families that had accompanied his expedition settled at this spot, which later became Louisville.

News came to Clark here that the American forces along the seacoast had made an alliance with France. This increased his hopes of success, for he knew that in the British posts he intended to attack dwelt many Frenchmen who had chosen to remain under British rule when France surrendered these places to Great Britain.

Boone, Kenton, Calloway, and other officers of Virginia's border militia came in the course of events under Clark's command. Boonesborough's victory over its besiegers had earned the station immunity from attack, and the borderers were free to lend their services elsewhere.

Clark was a born leader, but his method of making men follow him was to first make them esteem him. He took pains to enlist the co-operation of Daniel, whom he respected for his skill as a scout and for the influence he had over the men of the border.

On several occasions, Clark and Boone fought side by side in skirmishes with the enemy. Shortly after joining Clark's forces Boone observed an uneasiness in

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the cattle pasture near their stockade. Farmers were working in a turnip patch two hundred yards away.

"If we call the men in, the Indians are likely to fire on them," Boone advised Clark. "We ought to get in the back of the redskins and surprise them before they can attack."

The commander agreed. From an entrance in a side of the fort that was farthest away from the wood, the rangers stole into the wilderness. Moving lightly, yet proceeding with marvelous swiftness in spite of their caution, they came upon a dozen Indians hidden in a clump of weeds. They were evidently returning from a raid on some other settlement, for each carried plunder. Their intention seemed to be to wait until near nightfall before they attacked the workers in the field, hoping to escape pursuit under cover of dark. An Indian, sensing danger, sprang to his feet. Clark, seeing that his men had the party surrounded, signaled to them to fire. Three redskins fell—Clark himself killed one—and the rest fled with their booty.

When Clark, under the guidance of hunters who knew the roads, proceeded against the British posts, he took care to select only men of great courage and endurance. His army traveled with as little baggage as possible. As they went on single file through the deep forests they moved with the lightness and swiftness of an Indian war party.

It was on the fourth of July that the expedition reached the banks of the river Kaskaskia. The fort of Kaskaskia lay on the farther bank. Its commander, Rocheblave, was a creole whose loyalty to the British and fear of the American frontiersmen had led him,

earlier in the years, to send an urgent, but vain appeal to Governor Hamilton for reinforcements.

At night Clark and his men crossed the river and approached the fort. He divided his troops into two parties. One of these surrounded the walls of the fort. The other, led by Clark himself, entered the unguarded gates.

Most of the inhabitants were sunny-natured creoles who spent their days lazily and danced and reveled through the night.

A ball was now in progress. Torches flared over the heads of the company. Swarthy musicians were fiddling merrily. Soldiers and settlers, young and old, were dancing with black-eyed, graceful women and girls. Trappers and Indians lounged around the walls, jesting with the couples who swirled past them.

Suddenly a solitary figure appeared in the doorway. With arms folded, he watched the dancing. An Indian was the first to see him. Uttering a cry that was half a war-whoop and half an ejaculation of dismay, he sprang to his feet. His whoop startled the dancers. Women screamed, and the soldiers and settlers snatched up their arms and sprang to the windows and doors. Clark's men, with leveled rifles, confronted them.

"Continue your dance, my friends," Clark commanded with grim humor, "but remember that you are now dancing under Virginia instead of Great Britain."

Clark told the frightened inhabitants that he came to liberate rather than to conquer or persecute. He gave them their choice of remaining undisturbed by swearing loyalty to the cause of the American colonies or of departing in peace to British territory. Rocheblave, the

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commandant, who proved rebellious, he sent to Virginia as a prisoner of war. Cahokia was next taken in the same peaceful way.

Clark won the friendship of the Catholic priest at this station by giving him permission to continue his church services—telling him that under the laws of the Republic the right to worship in their own way was the privilege of men of all faiths. The priest then offered to go to Vincennes and persuade the people of that place to join the American cause. He returned with the news that all of the inhabitants had sworn allegiance to the American cause, and had raised the American flag over their fort. Thereupon Clark sent one of his captains, Leonard Helm, to take command of Vincennes, and later sent a few American volunteers to serve under him.

Clark now commanded, with the aid of a few hundred turbulent men, a vast territory, infested by savages. He strengthened his forces by recruiting some of the young creoles of Kaskaskia and Cahokia, and when the warlike Ottawas, Chippewas, Sacs and other Indian tribes gathered to determine what the plans of the conqueror were as regards to themselves, he showed a force and determination that made them treat the Long Knife with fear and respect. A few Indian warriors, however, plotted to capture him. They attempted to enter his house at night with the avowed purpose of carrying him away. The Americans and creoles came to the rescue in the nick of time. The redskins were made prisoners. Summoning the tribes in a grand council, Clark brought forth the bloody belt of wampum that is the signal for war.

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"I scorn," he acclaimed, with a fervor that impressed the Indians, "your treachery and your hostility. The warriors I have captured deserve death; instead they shall be escorted beyond the boundaries of this post and allowed three days before the knives of my men will be turned toward them. If you wish to see whether the Indians or the Americans can make the war-belt the more bloody, I welcome the test on behalf of my men; but for every white man, woman or child you slay, two of yours will die. I have come from the Thirteen Council Fires that have been kindled by the white men who refuse to pay unjust tribute to the King who rules beyond the great waters. If you choose to fight on his side, then the warriors from the Thirteen Fires will pour into this country and destroy the red people. I offer you the belt of peace or the belt of war."

The chiefs, greatly moved by his words, arose in turn and declared their wish to be friendly with the Americans. The next day Clark prepared a feast for the Indians and thereafter these Indians gave him little trouble.

When news reached Hamilton at Detroit that the towns of the creoles were in the control of Clark, he was so much disturbed by the news that he himself set out to recapture the country. "The Rebels are enterprising and brave, but they want resources," he wrote to his superior officer. Under his command were one hundred and seventy-seven whites and about five hundred members of the Ottawa, Chippewa and Pottawatomy tribes.

Enroute they captured a lieutenant and three soldiers belonging to the American forces at Vincennes. Sev-



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enty-one days after leaving Detroit Hamilton arrived at Vincennes and surrounded the fort; Captain Helm, in command of it, surrendered.

Clark, at Kaskaskia, reasoned that Harrison, who had gone into winter quarters at Vincennes, would march to attack him in the Spring, and that he would also try to reconquer Illinois, take Kentucky, and destroy all the settlements west of the Alleghany.

Francois Vigo, a Spanish trader friendly to the Americans, came to Clark from Vincennes with news that Hamilton had sent away part of his troops.

"We must either quit the country or attack Mr. Hamilton," he wrote to Governor Patrick Henry.

He decided to attack Harrison at Vincennes, before reinforcements could arrive from Detroit. Marshalling one hundred and seventy backwoodsmen and creoles, he set out over the two hundred and forty miles of country.

Approaching Vincennes, Clark sent a note secretly to its French population.

"I am about to retake Vincennes for the American cause," the note ran. "If the French people who favor the Americans will remain in their houses they will be free from harm. Let the friends of King George join the 'hair-buyer' general in the fort and fight like men. Those who will do neither of these two things, but who remain armed and in the streets, must expect to be treated as enemies."

Clark entered the town in the evening, unseen by Hamilton's soldiers, who did not dream that Clark's army could endure the terrible march, in the thick of winter, to Vincennes. Leaving fifty men to guard the streets, Clark at once attacked the fort that sheltered

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Hamilton's men. The Indian allies of the British abandoned them. The French Canadians who had joined the British regulars became faint-hearted when Clark demanded the surrender of the fortress. At last, after a parley between Hamilton and Clark, the British commander agreed to surrender himself and his seventy-nine men as prisoners of war. "A set of uncivilized Virginia woodsmen armed with rifles," to use Harrison's own bitter words, had accomplished in this wild western region, what George Washington, another Virginian, was bringing to pass along the seacoast—the surrender of the flower of King George's armies.

Hamilton and twenty-six of the important prisoners were sent to Virginia as prisoners of war. There was intense bitterness among the borderers toward Hamilton because he was known to have rewarded Indians who brought to Detroit American scalps, and on the way to Virginia his life was threatened.

Fortunate it was for him that Daniel was in his escort. Boone remembered Hamilton's kindness to him at Detroit and returned it as well as he could. Hamilton, for all of his ill fame, was well spoken of by the Americans who came in personal contact with him, including Clark himself. The French had set the example of paying the Indians money for the scalps of the British, and the latter had followed the custom when they made war on the Americans. The colonists themselves were not entirely guiltless in this respect. Scalp-taking was a universal custom with the Indians, and the British officers, according to their light in that savage time, condoned the offer of money for scalps by reflecting that the scalps would have been taken anyhow.

## CHAPTER XXI

### THE BATTLE OF BLUE LICKS

**W**HEN word came over the mountains that Cornwallis had surrendered at Yorktown in October, 1781, the Kentuckians hailed the news with wild demonstrations of joy, thinking that the British would soon withdraw their support of the Indians and thus bring peace to the frontier stations.

The savages, however, continued the war. In the spring of 1782 the Indian tribes united in a last despairing effort to destroy the settlements that lay clustered about the Kentucky forts. Cruel had been the warfare in the years preceding, but now there began a period of slaughter, burning, torture and captivity that formed the blackest page in the entire history of the disputed region.

Clark's military triumphs had won for him the rank of Brigadier-General, and the office of commander-in-chief of the entire Kentucky militia. A colonel and a lieutenant-colonel had been appointed in each county. Boone had been made lieutenant-colonel. On these roughly-organized officers and troops the fate of the wilderness colonies depended.

Estill's Station, on the south side of the Kentucky River, was attacked in March by a band of Wyandots, who scalped a young woman and carried off a negro. Captain Estill and twenty-five of his men, who were

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absent from the station at the time of the attack, pursued the Wyandots and battled for two hours with them in the wilderness, firing from behind trees and bushes. The Indians lost seventeen braves; all except three of the white men were killed. In May a settlement in charge of Captain Ashton was attacked in much the same manner, and eleven of the defenders were slain.

In August the assaults reached their height. So powerful were the savages that several of the newly-founded stations were abandoned; their settlers retreated into the fortifications that in the past had so successfully withstood siege.

Bryant's Station was selected by the main army of the Indians for their chief attack. There were forty cabins here, surrounded by the usual palisade. It was the largest and most northern of the Fayette County settlements and thus naturally invited assault. Captains Caldwell and McKee, representing the British; Simon Girty and a band of white desperadoes almost as vicious as himself; and an army of nearly a thousand Indians, assisted in the attack.

The garrison at Bryant's was composed of only fifty men. Scouts had warned them of the approach of the enemy and they were well prepared for the siege. However, in their excitement, they had forgotten to provide a sufficient supply of water, the source of which was a spring beyond the gates.

On the side of the fort farthest away from the spring a small party of Indians appeared. They fired their rifles and yelled and were thought by the defenders to be a decoy party, trying to induce the young men to come out and attack them. On the side of the fort that faced the spring no Indians were in

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view, though the settlers were sure that they were hiding along the edge of the clearing.

There was an urgent need for water, yet the leaders of the garrison were reluctant to risk the loss of any of their fighters. Then one man made an astonishing proposal.

"Let the women draw the water! The Indians have figured that they can lure us out if they don't reveal their strength. They won't spoil their scheme by firing at women from a quarter in which they don't want us to know they're hiding!"

It was an ungallant suggestion, and yet the logic of it appealed to the older women.

"How dare they propose it!" one girl said. "I'll have them know that we're not bullet-proof, and that Indians take the scalps of women as well as men!"

"We can't spare one man in the defence of the fort!" an older woman returned. "If we go it will prove to the Indians that we do not suspect their presence. They will let us pass and wait for the men to rush out to attack those howling devils on the other side! I'm going after water if I have to go alone!"

At this other bold women picked up buckets, and soon the more timid were following them. They walked to the spring with a calmness that completely deceived the Indians. No shots were fired at them. One after another they filled their buckets and returned to the stockade. Faster and faster the women walked as they neared the palisades, and when the gates were reached fairly flew through them in spite of their burdens.

Their bravery was akin to that of Elizabeth Zane, a girl who had come from a boarding-school in Philadelphia to live with her brother, Colonel Ebenezer Zane, at

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Wheeling, on the border of Kentucky. Here too the fort was attacked by Indians. Ammunition ran short, but there was enough to supply the needs of the garrison in Zane's cabin, which stood outside the blockhouse.

"You have not a man to spare; a woman will not be missed in the defence of the fort!" Elizabeth told her brother. Arraying herself in the garb of a squaw she ran out of the gate. Thinking her one of their race, the Indians made no attempt to intercept her. She filled a table-cloth with powder and returned safely, although her dash toward the fort brought forth a volley from the besiegers.

A few hours after the women had brought in their buckets of water, thirteen young men, under cover of darkness, went out from Bryant's Station to reconnoiter. Falling in with the decoy party, they pursued it along the Lexington road. They had been ordered not to go too far from the fort and at last they turned back, maintaining their skirmish fire until they were close to the stockade.

Meanwhile Girty, waiting on the other side of the fort, had heard this firing, and concluded that the entire garrison had quitted their posts. He now led the five hundred warriors that had lain concealed beyond the spring in a furious assault on the western gate, meaning to climb over the palisades. The defenders, on the watch for such a move, fired several volleys into the oncoming hordes in rapid succession and with deadly effect. The savages broke and fled to cover. In the excitement the young men had entered the other gate, uninjured.

The Indians again attacked furiously. Two messengers, however, had been sent out from the stockade with the young men, and these made their way safely to Lex-

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ington and urged that reinforcements be sent at once to their station. Sixteen horsemen and fifty men set out on foot. Three hundred Indians under Girty, learning of their coming, stretched themselves in ambush near the fort along a strip of land that ran between many acres of corn and a piece of woodland. When the horsemen entered this lane they were met by a hail of rifle-balls. Yet, by riding fast, they reached the stockade unharmed. The men on foot, hearing the firing, dashed impetuously into the midst of it and became targets for the rifles of the savages. The cornfields offered the whites a refuge. One young borderer shot Girty, but a piece of thick sole leather in the renegade's shot-pouch received the ball and preserved his life. Only six of the white men were killed; the rest, carrying their wounded, fled back to Lexington.

Girty and his savages now returned to the fort. The besiegers knew that the entire country was aroused and that reinforcements would soon arrive from every direction to deliver the fort. After a council, Girty mounted a stump and shouted an appeal to the garrison.

"My artillery will arrive shortly," he threatened, "and then I can blow your fort to splinters! If you will surrender at once we will spare your lives and treat you well. If you make us conquer you, we will have no mercy on you, your women, or your children! You know who is speaking, I'll wager!"

The leaders of the garrison made no reply, but a young man named Reynolds, boiling over with resentment, shouted this defiance:

"Yes, we know you very well! I myself have a worthless dog and because of his likeness to you I've named

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him 'Simon Girty!' Bring up your artillery! If you make your way into this fort we'll lash you with switches! The whole countryside is marching to help us! If you and your murderers remain where you are twenty-four hours longer your scalps will be found drying in the sun upon the roofs of our cabins!"

That night Girty and his army retired toward the Lower Blue Licks. For what sinister reason did they show their trail by marking trees right and left along the entire route with tomahawks?

Reinforcements from several neighboring stations arrived at Bryant's on the day following the retreat of the savages. Soon nearly two hundred fresh riflemen had assembled. Among them were many men from Boonesborough, in command of Daniel. His son Israel and his brother Samuel were in the party, as was also Flanders Calloway.

The officers of the assembled bands decided to pursue the Indians. So eager were they to overtake and punish the Indians and renegades that they set off without waiting for Colonel Logan, who, a messenger informed them, was approaching with a large body of militia.

Boone, whose ability as a tracker was universally recognized, was asked to lead the pursuit. He shook his head doubtfully as he saw the trail so plainly marked.

"We don't need to be so cautious," a raw young officer said to him impatiently, "it's plain the redskins are panic-stricken. They wouldn't have left their gear strewn along the road if they weren't desperately anxious to avoid battle with us!"

"Yes," Daniel responded dryly, "they must be in a hurry when they stop to hack trees, and stamp foot-



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prints in the soil! I tell you, young sir, that these signs don't mean to me that we should sacrifice prudence for haste. They say 'Go slow'!"

The impatience of the young men was not to be restrained. They pushed past Boone and rushed to Licking River, where the rear guard of the savages could be seen emerging from the water on the other side. The officers now came up and held their men back from crossing the river until they had again conferred with Boone and other scouts.

"My opinion," Daniel said, "is that there's danger ahead. The rascals wouldn't have shown themselves yonder if they weren't prepared to give battle. I know the lay of the land over there. A mile from the river there's a place where they can ambush us easily. We ought to wait for Colonel Logan and his men; but if you decide not to do this, my advice is that we divide our forces. Half of us can cross the river higher up and get around in the rear of the Indians, while the rest of us are going after them here!"

Major McGary had listened impatiently. He ended the council by spurring his horse into the river, crying:

"Let those who are not cowards follow me!"

The rest, not to be outdone, plunged into the current. When they had crossed they formed a thin line and advanced. Girty and his army, as Boone feared, had hidden themselves in two wooded ravines, from which they could rush out and command the path by which the white men were marching. When the latter reached a certain spot, the Indians attacked. The Kentuckians found themselves upon a bare, open ridge. The Indians were on both sides of them, shooting from cover.

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Thrown into disorder, the men in front turned back. At this the savages rushed out in pursuit, using rifles and tomahawks. The ground was covered with scalped, bleeding men. The red men gradually spread themselves along the path by which their pursuers had come. The Kentuckians, finding themselves almost surrounded, ran pell mell through the closing gap towards the river. The savages plunged tomahawks into their backs. While most of the mounted frontiersmen escaped, almost all of the men on foot were slain.

The thick of the fighting came at the river's side. Whites and reds crowded together at the ford, killing and being killed. Some of the white horsemen, when they had crossed the river safely, turned and protected their swimming comrades by a rifle barrage.

Daniel had fought desperately, but had soon given up hope of victory. He saw his son Israel slain. His friends Todd, Trigg, Harlan, Bulger, Gordon, McBride, Lindsey and many other comrades, had fallen. He himself was beset by savages and expected that every minute would be his last. Fortunately, he knew the ground. He saw that most of the Indians, in their battle lust, had quitted the ravines that had first sheltered them. Calling to some of his companions, he rode into this ravine and, eluding his pursuers, swam across the river at a point below the place of fighting. The savages could be seen crossing the stream at various points with the intention of slaughtering the fugitives. Boone, with many other survivors, plunged into the woods and by a roundabout route made his way back to Bryant's Station.

He saw young Reynolds, who had hurled the defiance at Girty, dismount from his horse and lift Captain

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Patterson, a disabled officer, into the saddle. This gallant act resulted later in Reynolds being made a prisoner. Yet later he ran into the Bryant stockade, having bowled over his captor.

In the entire conflict, sixty white men were killed, while seven were made prisoners. The Indians, Boone declared, lost more.

The loss suffered by the white men was the greatest incurred by them in any of their battles with the Indians.

Logan and his regiments had arrived at the settlement. On the next morning, under the guidance of Boone, he went to the battle-ground. The savages, instead of remaining to follow up their victory, had returned to their villages to boast of their triumph and gloat over their trophies. All that remained for Logan and his party to do was to bury the dead.

✓ Daniel, on his own initiative, sent a report to Benjamin Harrison, Governor of Virginia, describing the conflict. He ended with this appeal, dictated by him to one who handled a pen better than he:

“I know that your own circumstances are critical; but are we to be wholly forgotten? I hope not. I trust about five hundred men may be sent to our assistance immediately. If these be stationed as our county lieutenants shall deem necessary, it may be the means of saving our part of the country. . . . I have encouraged the people in this county all that I could; but I can no longer justify them or myself to risk our lives here under such extraordinary hazards. The inhabitants of this country are very much alarmed at the thought of the Indians bringing another campaign into our country this fall. If this should be the case, it will break up these settlements.

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I hope, therefore, your Excellency will take the matter into consideration and send us some relief as quickly as possible . . .”

General Clark led an expedition into the Indian country for the purpose of avenging these assaults and to teach the savages that the severest punishment would follow their raids. One thousand mounted men left Bryant's Station. Clark met them and took command. Boone accompanied the expedition. The invasion taught the savages that they could not prevail against the numbers and courage of the white men. They abandoned their hope of regaining the country.

Girty became less and less a terror to the Kentuckians. As the Indians lost ground, he contemplated joining the white men, but fear of punishment for his misdeeds kept him from making the attempt. He fought in later battles beside his red brothers and at last retreated into Canada. Here he became a trader but ended as a drunkard. His wish was to die in battle and it was to be granted. In 1814 he fought with the Indians against the white men on the Thames, and was trodden to death by Colonel Johnson's regiment of mounted Kentuckians.

Peace settled gradually over Kentucky. Hostilities ceased between the United States and Great Britain in 1783. The British posts on the northwestern frontier came in the course of time into possession of the American Government. The Indians were left without British backing. Thereafter their raids were made only by small bands, and gradually stopped altogether. Their beautiful village sites, the burial place of their fathers,

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their treasured hunting grounds, they yielded at last to the white man.

Emigration increased. Philadelphia and Baltimore merchants sent goods by packhorse and flatboat to the settlements along the Ohio River. Stores were opened and paper money appeared. The tailor and cloak-maker came. The printer arrived.

Into these communities, composed largely of Scotch-Irish Presbyterians with a sprinkling of Catholics, Episcopalians and Dutch-Reformed, came the Methodist and Baptist evangelists to win converts by means of camp-meetings. People flocked to these "revivals." The preachers and mourners often shouted, leaped and danced in their desire to "get religion." In a few years meeting-houses were erected everywhere, under the care of itinerant preachers who spent most of their time in the saddle traveling from congregation to congregation scattered throughout the wilderness.

The wilderness had indeed been conquered. But Boone, the man who had conquered it, was now in turn to be conquered by civilization.

CHAPTER XXII  
SCORES SETTLED

*"Seven cities claim old Homer dead,  
Through which the living Homer asked his bread."*

**F**LANDERS CALLOWAY had continued to watch Anthony Arnold's movements closely, hoping to catch him in some knavery that would reveal to the town his true character and give the Boones an opportunity "to even up"—as Flanders expressed it.

For a long period he suffered disappointment. The return of peace gave Arnold less chance at mischief-making. Instead of bringing trouble upon himself he grew more prosperous and influential. Few knew of his past. His neighbors were content to judge him by his possessions. Some held grudges against him, but their voices were drowned in the flattery of the rest. Arnold continued to maintain the role of a scholar, though he also engaged in the pursuit of law, conducted a real estate office, and financed trappers and hunters. From mysterious sources he had acquired plenty of funds and much of this money he spent in purchasing land.

As he grew rich, the fortunes of Boone declined. Arnold and his kind fattened on the misfortunes of Boone and his class. These land speculators, following in the footsteps of those who opened the country, took immediate advantage of their poverty and ignorance of

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law. Thus the men who conquered the forests to advance American progress lived to see the country they had opened possessed by shrewd operators, while they themselves lived almost as outcasts in poor cabins on the outskirts of the settlements.

Boone's wife and children saw with bitterness the liberal grants of land that had been made to Daniel on several occasions stolen from him by the land sharks. These men found that the pioneer had neglected to comply with the new laws that required the registering of titles to real estate. Employing shrewd attorneys, and taking advantage of Daniel's frequent absences, they brought suit to nullify Boone's claims, and one by one had them canceled.

"Why don't we own this ground?" one of Daniel's children would ask, reading from his tattered survey book:

"Surveyed for Da'l Boone 5000 acres begin at Robert Camels N.E. corner at 2 white Ashes and Buckeyes s 1200 (poles) to three Shuger trees Ealm and Walnut E 666 p. to a Poplar and Beech w 666 p to the beginning."

"Something was wrong with the way it was registered. The court took it from me," Boone replied wearily. Thus it went. Many such claims, ranging in size from four hundred to ten thousand acres, were recorded by him, yet all were wiped out.

"Arnold has slandered you and he's robbed you!" Flanders Calloway grumbled to Boone. "He's too powerful for you at law, but there are ways of paying off the score!"

"I know what you mean," Daniel responded, "but he's not worth my bullets!"

"I don't mean anything but a fair fight," Flanders explained. "Maybe it won't be necessary to come to that. I hear there's Spanish money being circulated through the settlements. Arnold's just the man the Spaniards would approach. I'm going to keep a closer watch on him than ever!"

"Prove that he's plotting with Spain against Virginia's interests and his punishment will be enough to pay for all his other meanness!" Boone chuckled.

"For all of Arnold's prosperity, he's not happy!" Jemima said consolingly to her husband, "they say he spent a lot of money trying to regain possession of his halfbreed son, and failed."

"Who could be happy with the load he has on his conscience?" Flanders replied. "There's a sequel to your story of his search for his son. The agents he sent to bribe his Indian wife to yield claim to her son found the youth gone. He had enlisted as a guide with Clark's army, and while helping to defend a small settlement against a war party of redskins sent out from Canada, he was killed. There are folks who say that the information which led to the attack on the settlement in which the boy fought was furnished to the British by Arnold himself."

Jemima shuddered. "If that's true, he's carrying his punishment in his heart!"

The question of what country owned the lands along the Mississippi was still a disputed one between France, England and Spain. The colonies along the lower Mississippi were under the dominion of Spain. From this



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region agents came to Kentucky and secretly sought to persuade its people to secede from Virginia and form a separate territory under the protection of Spain. This would have made it a buffer state between the American and Spanish colonies. To influence the masses, they employed men of prominence in the various American settlements, and by promising them high positions in the new government as well as by giving them large money rewards, secured their active services in the plot against Virginia.

To thwart this movement, and at the same time to further the progress of Kentucky, the loyal men in the territory asked Virginia to grant the region a separation, so that Kentucky could enter the Union as a separate state. Virginia agreed, provided that the Congress of the United States would accept Kentucky as one of the states of the Union, and that Kentucky would enter the Union as soon as Virginia surrendered her claims.

While these plans were under way, the agents of Spain worked to turn public opinion against them. And so Flanders Calloway's thoughts had turned to Arnold as soon as he learned that men were being bought by Spain.

"He'll take Spanish money just as he's taken French and English gold!" he said confidently. "If we don't catch him at it 'twon't be because he isn't guilty!"

Time dragged. Arnold appeared to be loyal to Virginia. Flanders told Jemima dejectedly that it looked as if he was to have nothing to show for his detective work.

One day Flanders went off on a trading expedition to a post in the south. He was led to do so because Arnold had left Boonesborough, ostensibly on a visit

to a relative. In a town Flanders passed through he came on Arnold, and, suspicion strongly awake, watched his movements without being seen. What he saw led him to give up his errand and return at once to Boonesborough, where he conferred with the military authorities. Arnold came back a few days later. One night the militia surrounded his house and arrested him. Don Manuel, the fluent Spaniard from whom he had accepted a large sum of money, and to whom he had pledged his aid in a treasonable enterprise, unmasked after the arrest and showed himself to be an agent of the Virginia government.

There was a quick trial. Arnold's entire life was laid bare. It was shown that in the French-Indian War he had been an agent of France. Papers left by the British revealed that Arnold had sent them reports as to conditions of the defences in the various Kentucky settlements. His treason on the present occasion was beyond doubt. It was found that one Thomas Power had offered him a so-called salary of \$2,000 to help bring about a separation of Kentucky from the nation, and that Arnold had accepted the money.

The fickle mass, seeing one dethroned whose power they had respected, clamored now for his life. The friends Arnold's money and influence had drawn to him fell away. Men who had secretly nursed resentment against him became open enemies. They accused him of cheating them in land deals; of extorting from them high rents or of charging exorbitant prices for goods he sold them. A few swore that the information he had given to the British and the Indian allies had led to the wrecking of their cabins and the massacre of their wives and children.

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Arnold shivered as he listened to the voices of the mob. The money he had amassed by fair and foul means was now drawn upon to pay the fees of expensive attorneys. Realizing full well that his life was at stake, he petitioned through his lawyers that he be sent to the East for trial, giving as his reason that the state of public opinion in Kentucky would not assure him a fair hearing and verdict. The Kentucky officials, perceiving that the charges made against him brought him under the jurisdiction of the highest courts in the land, decided on their own accord to transfer his case to the East. Officers were therefore detailed to take the prisoner to Virginia.

The people roared a protest when this decision was announced. "It's time the Regulators were reborn!" a trapper exclaimed. "When the traitor reaches the seaboard his money will win a way for him out of the courts!" The sober men of the community, hearing such declarations, shook their heads. "Arnold had better stand trial here," they whispered, "he will never reach Virginia alive!" When they beheld the poor calibre of the officers appointed to take the prisoner eastward they became more emphatic in expressing this opinion.

Arnold and his motley guardians passed out of Boonesborough between ranks of scowling, accusing men. On the same night certain groups armed with pistols and rifles and bearing ropes stole out along the same trail.

Two days later news of an astounding occurrence was brought back to the settlement by the humbled and panic-stricken guards. A large body of masked men had overtaken them, they told the curious townpeople, and

had ordered them to return to Boonesborough while they dealt with the prisoner.

"They were too many to resist. Our firearms were taken from us. There was nothing for us to do but to obey!"

"I reckon," bawled a burly fellow, "they had heard the rumors that circulated through Boonesborough when you went off with Arnold—that some of the traitor's henchmen would find it an easy task to free their leader on the way East!"

"If you mean to insinuate—" blustered the spokesman for the officers—

"Tell us what became of Arnold!" ordered Colonel Calloway.

"We looked back from the edge of a wood. They had thrown a rope over the limb of a tree. One end was in the hands of the mob. Arnold's neck was in the noose at the other end!"

"Hanged like a criminal—just what he deserved!" said Flanders. He then turned to his father-in-law and whispered:—"I wish you had permitted me to go—my fingers itched to tug at that rope!"

Daniel's eyes had a faraway look. "He narrowly escaped the same fate on the Yadkin, years on years ago! But fate surely has a long arm!" Then he answered Flanders:—"I'm glad no kin of mine had a hand in it. There were men in that crowd who suffered more through his misdeeds than we did."

Boone, deprived of his lands through the schemes of Arnold and his ilk, became a wanderer. His chief mission in life was fulfilled, though he did not realize it. He had founded the first fortified settlement in Kentucky. He had blazed the way to it. He had protected

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the settlers in the first crucial years. Nature intended him to be the explorer—the forerunner. When civilization caught up with him he turned again to the wilderness.

He began to fade from public sight. The military genius of Clark dwarfed his deeds as a militiaman. Men like Isaac Shelby and young Henry Clay had arrived in Kentucky to lead in political, civil, and social affairs. David Rice, a Presbyterian minister, came to found Transylvania Seminary. James Rumsey, John Fitch and Edward West came to invent and perfect steamboats in Kentucky waters; John Bradford established "The Kentucky Gazette," the first newspaper published west of the Alleghany Mountains. Boone, though he was trustee, juryman, lieutenant-colonel and deputy-surveyor, was no longer a spectacular figure. Lord Byron, England's romantic poet, had celebrated him in verse, but Kentucky was too busy to pay much attention to the man who had opened the way.

We find him turning a penny in any way that offered:—acting as guide and surveyor to rich men; guarding bands of immigrants and supplying them with buffalo meat; becoming a tavern-keeper and trader at Maysville, Kentucky, and finally acting as agent for persons who had furs, skins, ginseng, bear's grease, snakeroot or horses to sell or trade in eastern markets.

When the trappers and hunters whom Boone represented had accumulated enough peltry, furs and other commodities of exchange, the packtrain started. Boone led the forward packhorse, and the other horses followed in single file. The second horse was tethered to the pack-saddle of the forward horse, and by this method all of the animals were linked. Boone's sons

brought up the rear or ran along the sides, seeing to it that the packs did not fall off, or that the horses did not lag.

The horses carried their own feed of shelled corn. Part of this was cached on the way, to be unearthed when the caravan returned. On this return trip the bags that carried the corn were filled with alum salt for the use of the Kentucky settlements. The food for the men—bread, jerked bear's meat, ham and cheese—was carried in large wallets. The bells which hung from the necks of the horses were muffled in the day-time, so that they could not be heard by Indians, but were allowed to ring at night, so that the drivers could easily find the horses at dawn.

Out of the west, over rude mountain trails, crossing turbulent streams, like Midianites of old, traveling to trade balm, spices and myrrh in Egypt, went Boone and his sons to traffic with the merchants of Baltimore. Later the journey ended at Frederick, Hagerstown, Oldtown and Fort Cumberland,—Maryland towns nearer the point of starting. With the money obtained for their pelts, horses, ginseng and other goods, they bought linen, calico, broadcloth and velvet; dishes, knives and forks, scissors, buttons; and a score of other things more precious than gold to frontier families.

The efforts expended in these trading ventures did not improve the Boone fortunes. In 1788, after he had lost his fine farm near Boonesborough—a spot that more than any other should have been preserved for him—he left Kentucky, settling on the Kanawha River in Virginia, near Point Pleasant. Here he opened a small store and took contracts for supplying food to the local militia.

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Daniel grew restless as he found himself hemmed in by civilization. He brooded over the happy wilderness life he had led. New trails called. Hunters from the western shore of the Missouri passed through Point Pleasant on their way back to the East, and from their descriptions Boone pictured a country as enticing as Kentucky had been when he first entered it. The land was fertile, game was abundant, buffaloes were plentiful, the people were kind, and land speculators had not yet appeared there to rob honest men of the fruits of their endeavors.

Daniel Morgan, Boone's eldest son, had heard the call too, and had moved with a party of adventurous young men to Missouri. Spain, fearing that the English in Canada would seize her scantily-settled possessions west of the Mississippi, had begun to offer land to American farmers, and Daniel, junior, had been assigned a tract upon Femme Osage Creek, about forty-five miles from St. Louis.

The fame of the father had spread through this region. Don Charles D. Delassus, its Lieutenant-Governor, whose headquarters were at St. Louis, sent him "assurance that ample portions of land should be given to him and his family."

In 1797 Boone loaded his meagre possessions on pack-horses and set out for Upper Louisiana, as Missouri was then called.

All of his sons went with him except Jesse, who had married and settled in the Kanawha valley. Flanders and Jemima went too. Daniel was appointed commandant of the Femme Osage District. Now began one of the happiest portions of his life. His duties as Syndic were light. He had abundant time in which to hunt

buffalo and trap beaver. On these trips his companion was a black boy. The Osage Indians roamed through this territory and twice he had encounters with them similar to those he had with the Shawnees of Kentucky.

While dwelling in Missouri, a distinguished visitor stopped at his door. John James Audubon, a native of Louisiana, and at this period about twenty years old, was moved by a passion to observe the habits and appearances of birds. He came of well-to-do parents, and had taken drawing-lessons in Paris. Urged, not by a desire for fame, but solely by a love for nature, he had formed the habit of making long journeys into the forests of America.

Boone was a man after Audubon's own heart, and, on the other hand, the young naturalist had qualities that made a strong appeal to the old pioneer. Audubon showed him a portfolio containing scores of sheets filled with sketches of birds done in their natural colors.

Daniel marveled at the faithfulness of the drawings to the many birds he had become familiar with in his long journeys through the woods. "You can almost hear them sing!" he said, as Audubon asked his judgment on his sketches of the cardinal, robin, and other gorgeously-colored birds. Daniel predicted to himself an unusual career for this young man. His admiration would have deepened if he could look into the future and know that Audubon, after making drawings in color of over one thousand birds, was to find his pictures entirely destroyed by rats; and was then to set forth with his gun, game-bag, pencils and drawing-book, and lose himself in the woods until he had reproduced his work and given to the world that invaluable collection known as "The Birds of America."



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Audubon later described with relish the night he passed with Boone. He told of the pioneer's skill with the rifle; his gigantic appearance; his features indicating great courage, enterprise and perseverance, and ended by telling how when Boone lay down to sleep, he "merely took off his hunting-shirt, and arranged a few folds of blankets on the floor, choosing rather to lie there, as he observed, than on the softest bed."

Daniel, in reward for his services as a Syndic, had been granted by the Spanish Government, ten thousand arpents (several thousand acres) of land. To make good his title, however, it was necessary for him to proceed to New Orleans to have the grant confirmed, and it was also required that he should reside on the land. The Lieutenant-Governor of St. Louis exempted Daniel from these requirements, although he had legally no power to do so.

Boone's failure to attend to these stipulations led to him again suffering the loss of land. In 1803 Louisiana, including the present State of Missouri, became a part of the United States. When the United States agents met to confirm the real estate claims of the settlers, Daniel's grant was rejected because he had not conformed to the law's requirements. In 1814, however, the Congress of the United States, in recognition of his services and to partly compensate him for the land he lost, granted him an allotment.

Rebecca had died. Daniel's children had married. Many doors were open to him. He occupied himself in instructing his grandchildren in the ways of the wilderness. In spite of his losses, these years were pleasant.

One great duty remained for him to accomplish. Ever since he had been robbed of the money entrusted to him

by persons in Boonesborough, his mind had been troubled. Most of them had declared him blameless and relinquished their claims, but still he felt himself to be in their debt. One day he set out on a trip to Kentucky, carrying with him the money he had obtained by selling many packs of valuable furs.

He returned to Jemima's house in Missouri with only a half-dollar in his pocket, but with a feeling in his heart that he would not surrender for a fortune.

"Now I am ready and willing to die," he told his friends. "I am relieved from a burden that has long oppressed me. I have paid all my debts, and no one will say when I am gone, 'Boone was a dishonest man.'"

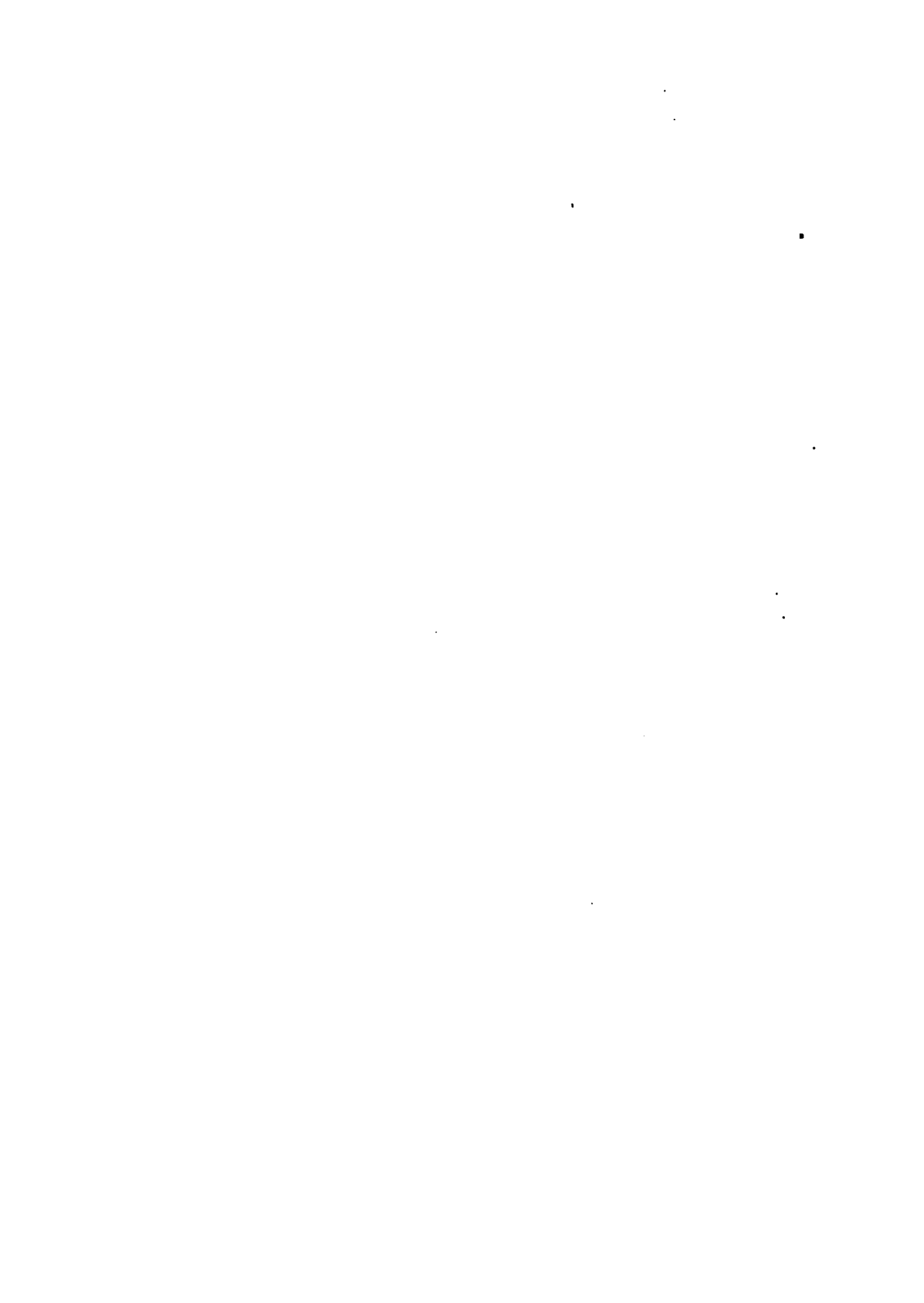
THE END

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# THE TRAIL BOONE BLAZED

